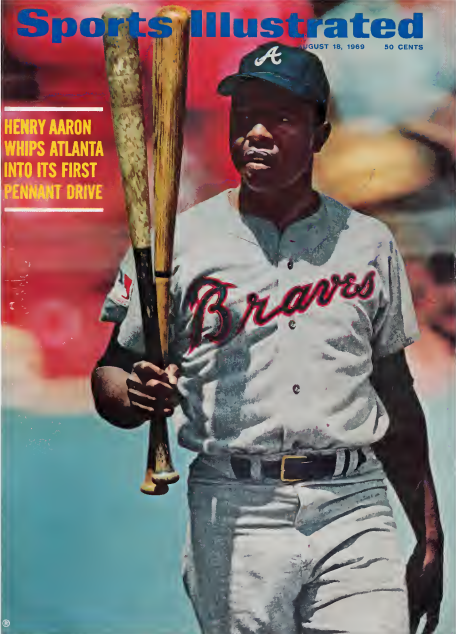


Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 18, 1969

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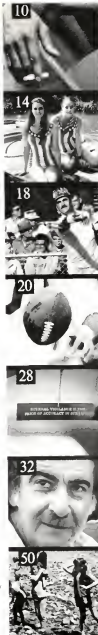
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Credits on page 39

Next week

THE NOW GENERATION confronts the coach in a struggle for authority that may determine the future of intercollegiate sport. The first of a three-part series by John Underwood

A GLITTERING FIELD will be at the PGA in Dayton—Jack, Arnie, Jack and Billy, as well as the fellows who have been winning the tournament. Dan Jenkins will be there, too.

THE TRAVERS is a highlight of the Saratoga season and Arts and Letters is the high horse. Whitney Tower will report on this classic Derby-distance run for the 3-year-olds.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There is a lot to be said for the old you-don't-look-a-day-over-40 routine, especially if one happens to be well beyond that particular age. But for Curry Kirkpatrick, who is an honest 25 and doesn't look a day over, say, 16, a youthful appearance has its drawbacks. Staff Writer Kirkpatrick, whose report on the World Water Ski Championships appears this week on page 14, has to work harder than most writers because he first must convince everyone he is old enough to do the job.

There was the college basketball coach who told him, "You look like you should be on roller skates with



CURRY AND A COUPLE OF GREAT DANCES

ice cream dripping off your shirt." There was the incident at the U.S. Open in Houston recently when Curry showed up at the dressing room wearing the official press armband and the guard, a youth of about 18, refused to believe it. "You can't go in there," the boy-guard told the man-writer, "you're not old enough." And as if all that were not enough, SI Senior Editor Dan Jenkins, who is pretty young looking himself but is prematurely gray, occasionally introduces Kirkpatrick as "my friend the child writer."

"It is supposed to be a compliment," says Kirkpatrick, "and I appreciate the fact that all this would be an advantage if I were 60 or 70. But right now I still get thrown out of a lot of locker rooms. I carry around a draft card and

driver's license to prove my age and the final insult of them all. I almost always have trouble getting a drink in bars all around the country."

With all that, it is a tribute to Curry's journalistic doggedness that he always gets his story, plus an impressive lineup of inside facts, he keeps hounding back into those locker rooms.

Age aside, Curry has been a serious student of sport for several years. He concentrated on sport as a journalism major at the University of North Carolina—and showed such early flair for the job that he joined SI not long after his graduation in 1965. And the final, dizzying tribute came recently from Vernon Rosteck, editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, who did a column reminiscing about Chapel Hill old grads who made their marks as writers. The list started with Thomas Wolfe, of course, went on to such stalwarts as Tom Wicker and Clifton Daniel of *The New York Times*, Charles Kuralt of CBS and—there it was—Kirkpatrick of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. "And to think," says Curry, "that I went all the way through school without once reading *Look Homeward Angel*!"

One thing happened when Curry was 10 that was destined to have a profound influence on his life—though he probably had no notion of it at the time. That was the founding of this magazine, which began with the issue of Aug. 16, 1934. With the publication of this anniversary issue, we feel impelled to note—modestly, of course—that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has become a U.S. institution, and a very successful one, at that. Our first issue had a pre-sold circulation of 450,000. By January 1970 the figure will be two million. We believe, and hope you agree, that SI at 35 is both youthful and mature—youthful enough to be curious about everything, mature enough to make wise and judicious use of the material we cover (and uncover).

Curry Kirkpatrick

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BOOKTALK

Like the world? A new atlas shows you how to see it better from a bicycle seat

The thrust at Houston is to get out of this world on a rocket, but the American Youth Hostels, Inc. have an even better idea: get into it on a bicycle. To that end, the AYH has just released a paperback atlas (*North American Bicycle Atlas* by Warren Asa Hammond, \$1.95) chock full of information about how to prepare for a bicycle tour almost anywhere on the North American continent.

The AYH atlas is divided into three sections. The meat of the book lists 90 bicycle tours ranging in length from a week to a month and covering 47 states, six Canadian provinces, Mexico and the Caribbean, all with individual maps and texts. In addition, for the novice rider, 62 one-day and weekend rides are suggested. Each tour has its own "difficulty rating" and ranges from "easy" (eight to 15 miles on fairly flat terrain) to "rugged" (trips that may include high mountain passes, unpaved roads, long distances per day, primitive campgrounds, heavy traffic and adverse climatic conditions). In between "easy" and "rugged" are tours designed for the "average cyclist."

The longest tour described is the 3,000-mile cross-the-continent trip, more difficult now to plan than previously because of the ever-changing freeway situation, though, according to the author, about 100 cyclists a year still take off on their two-wheelers to attempt it. Among the most scenic tours, for those who want to leave the U.S., are the Puerto Rican Holiday (recommended for experienced cyclists "because the Puerto Rican roads tend to be narrow, with heavy traffic and daring auto drivers"), or a tour of central Mexico, listed as "rugged," with 10,000-foot mountain passes.

Honey-minded cyclists may want to follow part of the 1905 Lewis and Clark expedition, a tour that will take them 200 miles from Missoula, Mont. to Lewiston, Idaho; for newlyweds there is a Honeyymoon Special (330 miles) that traverses New York's Hudson River Valley to Niagara Falls (where else?).

For the fair-weather all-round athlete, the author lists four dandy possible tours in Hawaii, with excellent surfing, swimming and deep-sea fishing available when pedaling palls. Traversing part of Alaska is "rugged" but rewarding for its abundant wildlife, good fishing and spectacular scenery.

Mr. Hammond's little book is fun to read even if you're not a cyclist. He overlooks almost nothing, from what kind of equipment you'll need to how much weight to carry, what time of year is best for each trip and no less than 11 possible methods of discouraging the dog that yaps at your tires.

—JANUETTE BRUCE

M1

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SCORECARD

TIME TO SIGN

O.J. Simpson's decision to sign finally with the Buffalo Bills was welcome news (nobody wanted to see O.J. sit out the season on a movie set), but it somewhat uncomfortably brought to mind a comment Paul Brown made earlier this month. The coach and general manager of the Cincinnati Bengals had expressed curiosity about the absence of so many unsigned top draft choices from the All-Star Game in Chicago. Brown wondered whether the players, with the tacit approval of the clubs that had drafted them, were deliberately avoiding the game to eliminate the possibility of injury.

"If you read about a sudden rush to sign over the weekend after the game," said Brown, "then we'll really know."

Well, only Ron Johnson of Michigan, top draft choice of the Cleveland Browns, signed that first weekend, but in the next seven days four other first-round draft choices—Joe Greene of North Texas State and the Pittsburgh Steelers, Ted Kwalick of Penn State and the San Francisco 49ers, Pro-Sellers of Florida State and the Boston Patriots and, of course, O.J.—followed Johnson's lead.

VERY EARLY MORNING LINE

A Thoroughbred racehorse by Social Climber out of 6 rowing. In has been named Joe Nigmatz.

GOODY TO ALL THAT

The full-on combat act on between the Kansas City and Baltimore bullpups (Showercase June 16) was broken in the final game of the Orioles' last scheduled visit of the season to Kansas City. When Moe Drabowsky and the rest of the KC relief crew reported in then bullpen before the game they looked four starfish goldfish cheerfully swimming around in their watercooler. There was no immediate retaliation, but last week correspondents kept a close eye on the situation when, in turn, the Royals paid their last 1969 visit to Baltimore. Drabowsky talked of hiring a plane to fly

over Municipal Stadium with a banner reading "NOT WIT STRIKE AGAIN." But perhaps depressed because Kansas City was able to win only one game all season from the Orioles (Moe didn't fly, didn't strike, didn't do nothing, and the Great Bullpen War of 1969 quietly faded into history).

GOLDEN SPIKES

Al Schallau, the Los Angeles lawyer who headed one of the two (later three) groups that tried and failed to organize a professional track and field operation last winter, is making waves again. The idea of pro track is not dead, he says.

"We have figured out a new way to make it work."

The new way will be less lucrative for the athletes, but Schallau says his group had to work out something that could survive without TV or other major financial support. Last year the idea was to guarantee the athletes an annual salary of \$50,000, plus purses of \$5,000, \$3,000 and \$1,000 in the first three months in each event at each meet. The new idea has no annual guarantee (and prize money has been reduced to a rather modest \$600, \$400, \$200, payout, plus a \$500 bonus for a world record). Two meets would take place each weekend, with the athletes moving from one to city like professional golfers.

We can get started on an investment of as little as \$250,000, Schallau claims.

Then we will have to average 7,140 per week, paying an average of \$5 a ticket at indoor meets and 10-15 at outdoor meets. We are confident we can draw at least that.

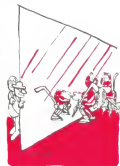
In the meets themselves we will cut the time between events to no more than two minutes, and any athlete not at the start on time will be fined. In field events an athlete will have to be on deck with his sweat-soaked outfit while the preceding competitor is performing. We can't have someone like Bob Seagren standing on his head and kicking for five minutes while the audience is waiting for his vault."

Schallau signed 31 athletes have signed on for, and the first meet, hopefully, will be held at the Astrodome in Houston next January. Maybe so. But judging from past performances, don't hang by your thumbs.

MIRROR, MIRROR

A brand-new arena being built in Salt Lake City (called, fittingly enough, the Salt Palace) will house the Salt Lake Golden Eagles, newest team in the Western Hockey League. Coach Ray Kinasewich is brother of Gene Kinasewich, the ex-Harvard star who is now the WHL president, toured the construction site recently with Daniel H. Meyer, owner of the Golden Eagles, and one of the architects. In the area that will be the home-team dressing room, the architect proudly announced, "And on this wall, above a built-in table, we'll have a mirror that will go up to the ceiling the full width of the room."

Kinasewich frowned. Then he shook his head.



"No, no, no," the owner said. "I don't like no primping before a game, no, look at these guys looking at me. And could be carried into another world, looking into a mirror that big. They've got to be thinking hockey, not hair."

The architect appalled, turned to Meyer, but the owner shrugged. "If Ray says no mirror, then there will be no mirror."

The architect moaned, "I suppose that goes for the visitors' dressing room, too."

continued

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SCORECARD

Kinross with brightened. "Oh, no," he said. "Go ahead with the murder in the visitors' room. In fact, is there any way you could make it larger?"

Psychologists will join hockey coaches in keeping a close eye on the results from Salt Lake City next winter.

INJUNCTION

Mineral King, the Southern California winter-summer playground conceived by the late Walt Disney, which aroused the determined opposition of conservation groups (SL Jan. 8, 1968), has been sidetracked for an indefinite period. U.S. District Judge William T. Swengert granted a temporary injunction sought by the Sierra Club to stop the Departments of Agriculture and Interior from issuing permits that would allow work to begin in Sequoia National Forest on the Mineral King project.

The Sierra Club also sought a permanent injunction against the \$35 million development, and a hearing on that is scheduled later this month in San Francisco. In any case, experts in the field believe that Mineral King will now be delayed a minimum of two years.

THE FINN DOES FINE

Auto racing bulls will be buoyed up to learn that the Round Britain Powerboat Race is over. 1,400 miles around that tight little isle—and that it took a celebrated rally driver, Timo Makinen, the Flying Finn, to show all those boaters the way home. Makinen and his co-driver made the run (from Portsmouth, up and around, back down to Portsmouth in 10 stages) in an overall time of 39 hours, nine minutes, 37.7 seconds in a boat called *Aveverg Tuo*. He was roughly two hours faster than the second-place boat and way over the horizon ahead of anyone else in the race.

Always a clever competitor, Makinen applied that oldtime rallying principle of reliability over horsepower to win. He used three 125-hp outboards on his 28-footer against an array of bigger boats with more power on the theory that if one of his engines conked out he could run along on two. Sure enough, he lost a propeller between the Isle of Man and Scotland, simply pulled up the engine and "managed quite well." In another case, Makinen used a rally strategy of driving fast where he knew the course, cautiously where he did not. In the tricky 185-mile leg between Inverness and Dun-

dee, Makinen, who had built up an edge on time, was content to follow a radar-equipped boat through questionable passages while his closest rival, running for speed, ran aground and spent several hours on a sandbank.

With all that, it was pretty much a moral victory for Makinen, another thing that also happens to rallyists. The London *Daily Telegraph* and British Petroleum awarded £10,000 (\$24,000) to the winner, but Makinen's boat, designed expressly for the Round Britain, cost £8,500 (\$20,400).

REBELLION

Sports editors around the country (and good lord! possibly around the world) recently received a large brown envelope, postmarked Lausanne, Switzerland, from the International Olympic Committee. Included was a 102-page book entitled *The Speeches of President Avery Brundage, 1952 to 1968*. Attached to page one was a note saying, "In order to complete this work, you will find inserted inside the back cover President Avery Brundage's most recent speeches, made in the IOC sessions at Mexico City and Warsaw."

Well, it's unlikely that you'll see too many sports editors out on the golf course this week. They'll all be at home, curled up with a good speech. At that, the IOC may have missed a good bet by not making recordings of President Brundage's speeches, especially those given in a foreign tongue (it is a tradition for the IOC president to make his welcoming remarks at the Olympic Games in the language of the host country). A non-Spanish-speaking American sportswriter who caught Avery's Spanish act in Mexico City says, "His accent was so bad I understood every word he said."

MOUSETRAP

Nobody has put a beefsteak on a black eye in living memory, except in comic strips, where they're not concerned with the price of meat, and it's just as well, according to a medical report from Great Britain. The real McCoy for a shiner, says Dr. J. I. Blonstein, senior medical officer for England's Amateur Boxing Association, is a new pill called Bromelain that is made from a ferment extract of pineapple.

Seventy-four boxers with bruises or swellings on eyes, faces, lips, ears, arms and chest were treated. In 58 of the 74

continued

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Harrelson sees a hairstylist. Are you sure you want to bug him?

Hawk puts as much behind his fists as he does his bat. Want to know why 190 pounds of baseball-batting man goes to a hairstylist? Simple, says Ken. "With my schedule I'm lucky to get near a barber shop more than every month and a half. With an ordinary haircut I'd look pretty shaggy. But with my hair styled it looks about as good after six weeks as it did when I left the stylist." Part of the credit goes to Dep for Men Hairstyling Gels and Creme. They're what stylists use to give your hair the look you see here. And Dep for Men Hair Spray. One shot looks a style in place for a whole day. Still want to bug somebody? Try the guy who doesn't get his hair styled or use Dep for Men



Dep for men—the hairstyling products

SCORECARD *continued*

all bruises were gone within four days; the rest healed in eight to 10 days. In an untreated control group of 72 boxers only 10 healed within four days, the others took from seven days to two weeks.

ISN'T THIS A KICK?

The National Football League is cracking down on tack shoes for kicking specialists. It says, "All kicking shoes will be of standard production and cannot be modified in any manner. . . . Steel plates, varying degrees of thickness and tying the shoe back to the ankle or any gimmicking of the standard shoe is prohibited."

This apparently does not outlaw square-toed kicking shoes if the shoe has been a standard model, but it does mean that a kicker can't take his shoe over to the local blacksmith for special refinement.

For instance, Charlie Durkee of the New Orleans Saints has had his kicking shoe, which incorporates an aluminum shank in the sole, made to order in his father's metal plant. When Mark Duncan of the football commissioner's office visited the Saints' training camp recently, Durkee appealed the ruling to him.

"Duncan told me the only kicking shoe that can be worn is a standard shoe, period," complained Durkee. "There can be no modifications, and no shoe can be worn that was not a standard production model before 1969. That means, if a company comes out with a new shoe for kickers, it can't be sold to the pros. Or, at least, we can't use it."

"I think the ruling is illegal, unfair, unconstitutional and in some ways a restraint of trade. With a standard shoe I get a little less distance, I have less accuracy and I find it harder to get my timing. Making me use this shoe is like making Arnold Palmer play golf with a permission switch."

THEY SAID IT

- Julie Heldman, U.S. Wightman Cup tennis star who won the women's singles title at the Maccabiah Games in Israel: "Tell 'em I owe my success to eating bagels and lox and kosher pickles."
- The message board at the Oakland Coliseum, making a disastrous one-letter flub as it flashed a quiz question for the fans: "Who holds the record for the most home runs in a single season—Hornsbys, Mussal, Ruth, Cobb?"

END



Doctors watch her go through a heart operation every day.

She's home now, doing fine.

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And that (no pun intended) is quite an operation.

General Telephone & Electronics

44



HANK BECOMES A HIT

For years Henry Aaron performed in comparative obscurity while compiling a record that makes him one of baseball's alltime hitters. Now, as Atlanta fights for a pennant, he finds he is famous at last

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

There is a warm, pleasing undercurrent making its way through the world of baseball. It flows from the Western Division of the National League, where a stimulating pennant race involving not two clubs, nor three, but five—count 'em!—is adding meaning to every move that the players make before the nervous eyes of their hopeful fans. The source of this undercurrent is Henry Aaron (*see cover*) of the Atlanta Braves, who suddenly this August is attracting the attention his exploits have merited for years. The other day in Montreal's Jarry Park a startled Aaron found himself the object of a standing ovation when his name was announced—in French. Each time Aaron came to bat before a tumultuous crowd of 43,000 in Atlanta Stadium last Friday night the applause increased. When on the next day he hit the 539th major league home run of his life the din was enormous. And on Sunday as New York pitchers carefully walked him twice in a tight ball game, there it was, louder still: noise, enthusiasm, recognition. Sportswriters and announcers are approaching Aaron as never before, and people are standing outside clubhouse entrances to stretch for the autograph or touch the sleeve of a man who is doing no more and no less than he has for most of his 16 years in the major leagues.

It seems that a vast subconscious

wrong is being righted and that in the remaining weeks of this season and at least into the next one Henry Aaron, an all-but-anonymous star, is going to be one of the most closely watched players in baseball.

One reason for the attention is that Aaron is chasing two tremendous baseball records simultaneously: 3,600 hits and a possibility of passing Babe whatssname as the alltime home run hitter. Since he is now 35, it is doubtful that Aaron will stay around long enough to hit the 176 homers he needs to pass Ruth, but attaining his 3,000th base hit is almost a certainty, and only eight men have ever done that (*page 12*).

This year Aaron has been passing baseball's records as if they were painted on a post. He has now gone to the plate more than 9,000 times, hit for more than 5,000 total bases and collected over 500 doubles. Since April his 29 home runs have enabled him to out-distance the lifetime totals of Mel Ott, Eddie Mathews, Ted Williams, Jimmy Foxx and Mackey Mantle. Only Willie Mays, with 596, stands between Aaron's 539 and the 714 of Ruth.

Despite his ability, longevity, consistency and willingness to play even when injured, the fame that was accorded Mantle, Mays and Musial has never been granted to Aaron. Perhaps this happened because he did not play in New York,

and thereby receive the national press attention given to Mickey and Willie, or that he did not come into the big city and tear apart the fence in Ebbets Field the way Stan did in those days when he seemed to exist just to kill the Dodgers. Being in Milwaukee did not help Aaron's publicity value at all, and he was forced to share what limelight there was with some other celebrities on those Beave teams, including Eddie Mathews, Warren Spahn, Lou Burdette and, for a while, Red Schoendienst.

This year Mantle has said he believes Aaron to be the most underrated great hitter of all time. And Aaron himself concludes it is youngsters who have appreciated him most over the years, because "adults tend to just read the headlines sometimes. Kids read everything, all the way down through the box scores and the statistics."

But the mood is changing. In recent weeks the public—young and old—is beginning to recognize Henry Aaron. "I feel it now and hear it," says Atlanta Third Baseman Clete Boyer, who was with the Yankees and Mantle for eight seasons.

"It's starting to get like it was for Mickey. And it's only right. Henry knows more baseball than any man I have ever met. Maybe the fact that he was colored hurt him in getting publicity, but maybe the fact that he is colored has

continued

WHERE AARON RANKS AMONG THE BEST *These are six of baseball's most respected classifications for*

HITS

Ty Cobb	4,191
Stan Musial	3,630
Tris Speaker	3,515
Honus Wagner	3,430
Ed Collins	3,311
Nap Lajoie	3,251
Paul Waner	3,152
Cup Anson	3,081

HENRY AARON (15th place)	2,912*

TOTAL BASES

Stan Musial	6,134
Ty Cobb	5,863
Babe Ruth	5,793
Willie Mays	5,604*
HENRY AARON	5,219*
Tris Speaker	5,101
Lou Gehrig	5,059
Mel Ott	5,041
Jimmy Foxx	4,956
Honus Wagner	4,888

EXTRA BASE HITS

Stan Musial	1,377
Babe Ruth	1,356
Lou Gehrig	1,190
Willie Mays	1,187*
HENRY AARON	1,139*
Ty Cobb	1,139
Tris Speaker	1,132
Jimmy Foxx	1,117
Ted Williams	1,117
Mel Ott	1,071

A HIT continued

helped him to understand people more than any other player I have known. He's not a pop-off. If he wanted to manage I know that he could do it. If he was a manager he would be a lot like Alston, and Alston is the very best."

Bill Lucas, Aaron's brother-in-law who works in the minor league department of the Braves' organization, has noticed the new affection, too. "I have been amazed," he says. "The applause is louder when his name is announced and when he steps into the batter's box than it has ever been."

One reason for the applause, of course, is that Aaron is the key figure in Atlanta's hopes for victory in the National League's frenzied Western Division race. A cool, established figure such as Aaron takes on special importance in a situation where no team is able to dominate a league. The Braves have spent more days in first place than anyone else, but their tenure hardly caused trembling or despair amid the opposition. At the end of last week the competition was so keen that a small Milwaukee would fit neatly over the top five clubs, and between first place and fifth was only a smidgen of games. Cincinnati, Los Angeles and San Francisco have all been in first place at one time or another recently, and Houston moved within two games early this month in spite of starting the season by losing 20 of 24.

Last week the Cincinnati Reds took over because their team batting average is close to .290—one has to wonder how high the Reds might hit if they ever got a chance to bat against their own pitch-

ing staff. The Los Angeles Dodgers, dealt two cruel blows in recent weeks when First Baseman Wes Parker, enjoying his most productive season, underwent an appendectomy and Don Drysdale again encountered arm problems, have stayed close by holding together old parts and new with sealing wax and string. And, as always, the San Francisco Giants are a menacing enigma. Willie McCovey and Bobby Bonds have collected over 50 home runs between them, but Willie Mays and Jim Ray Hart have totaled only a dozen, and there are indications that their premier pitcher, Juan Marichal, might be slipping.

So Aaron and the Braves have as justified pennant hopes as anyone. The Braves themselves present a rather remarkable study in contrasts. Phil Niekro, for example, has pitched 17 complete games, but the rest of the staff has managed only 11. Relief Pitcher Cecil Upshaw has rolled up 21 saves, but his earned run average is a bulging 3.78. (By contrast, Minnesota's Ron Perranoski in the American League has 21 saves and an ERA of 1.82.) Atlanta is a team that thrives on the long ball, but at the end of last week the Braves had hit 105 home runs, while their pitchers were giving up 116, hardly a ratio to thrive on.

The controversial trade that brought Orlando Cepeda to the Braves from St. Louis in exchange for Joe Torre has helped. Cepeda has collected 13 game-winning hits for Atlanta (the totaled 12 all last year with the Cardinals). Early in the season Cepeda did an excellent

job for the Braves, and his humor helped enliven what was a rather quiet clubhouse. His home run production, however, has been sporadic.

But in the end Atlanta hopes rest with No. 44, that purposeful, deliberate craftsman, Henry Aaron. He is the same Aaron that players have held in awe for years. His quick wrists still snap the bat around with tremendous speed, and he hits what are known in baseball's dugouts as "frozen ropes." He is the most consistent player in a game that demands consistency of its genuine heroes. His record in this respect is remarkable. Only once did he fail to hit .280. That was in 1966, the year the Braves made their move from Milwaukee to Atlanta. His average fell that year to .279, but with 44 home runs and 127 runs batted in no-

AN AVERAGE YEAR FOR HENRY

Games	152
At Bats	592
Runs Scored	107
Hits	186
Singles	114
Doubles	32
Triples	6
Home Runs	34
Total Bases	332
Walks	57
Strikeouts	66
Stolen Bases	14
Runs Batted In	108
Batting Average	.314

hitters. Aaron is already among the top 10 in five of the categories and soon will be in the sixth.

HOME RUNS

Babe Ruth	714
Willie Mays	596*
HENRY AARON	539*
Mickey Mantle	536
Jimmy Foxx	534
Ted Williams	521
Eddie Mathews	512
Mel Ott	511
Lou Gehrig	493
Ernie Banks	490*

RUNS BATTED IN

Babe Ruth	2,309
Lou Gehrig	1,991
Ty Cobb	1,954
Stan Musial	1,951
Jimmy Foxx	1,921
Mel Ott	1,860
Ted Williams	1,839
Al Simmons	1,827
Willie Mays	1,694*
HENRY AARON	1,693*

SLUGGING PERCENTAGE

Babe Ruth	692
Ted Williams	634
Lou Gehrig	632
Jimmy Foxx	609
Hank Greenberg	605
Rogers Hornsby	577
Willie Mays	574*
HENRY AARON	563*
Stan Musial	559
Frank Robinson	558*

*20th century

body could complain that his hitting was inadequate.

Because of his consistency and high level of performance in so many categories, an average season for him produces eye-opening statistics. And when 16 such years are run together, it is no wonder that he is ranked among the greatest.

Early next season Aaron will become the ninth man in history to reach 3,000 hits. "I started to think about reaching 3,000 when I got to 1,000," Aaron says. "It's always been my No. 1 goal. I have always felt that if you get your hits the other things—the home runs and runs batted in—will come along."

"People keep wondering if I will be around long enough to break Babe Ruth's home run record. I really don't

know. I do know that I will not hang on just for the sake of hanging on—picking up 12 one year and maybe 20 the next and jumping from club to club. I have too much respect for the game of baseball to do that just to chase someone's record.

"When I came into baseball I had a taste for it in my mouth and that has never changed. I still love to play, though it gets harder with the length of the schedule, the traveling and the night games. Often the fans don't realize what a player must go through and how tired he can get. But the fan is the one who pays his money, and he expects to receive the best for it. He goes to games to see people like Sandy Koufax pitch and Maury Wills steal bases, to see Willie Mays make the basket catch and Henry Aaron hit. When I don't hit I feel bad about it, because the fans might feel cheated. It bothers you if you are a professional."

Today Aaron is often hampered by a bad back, but he plays on with valor. He bats his pitch instead of the one the pitcher wants him to swing at, and on defense he is still the sure-handed Aaron that he has always been. It is his attitude to the game he plays and his eventual security, however, that sets him apart from many top figures in sport today.

"Baseball is the only thing I have ever known," Aaron says. "I'm not worried about money or getting a job when I am through. When the time comes, when I feel I should get out, I want to do so with that same fresh taste for baseball that I had when I was a kid. I just want

to go out with good health and fond memories."

Bill Bartholomew, the president of the Braves, sat in his office last week as that crowd of 43,000 started to enter the stadium for a two-night double header and he reflected about Aaron.

"One of the few right things I might have done in Milwaukee was to get to know Aaron right away," Bartholomew said. "My admiration for him goes beyond description. He's Mr. Brave. We are not going to press Henry to hang on for public relations reasons. It's up to Henry to make his own decision on when he wants to stop playing. If he wants to stay on the field as a coach or a manager that's up to him, or if he wants to come into the front office that is open to him, too. He might prefer something similar to the job Stan Musial has with the St. Louis Cardinals. Any route he decides to take will have my full support. All Henry will have to do is tell us."

And out on the field minutes later the Atlanta crowd was cheering its Hank. Recognition had come. There was even proof of it. In two categories of baseball's all-time statistics—total hits and runs batted in—Aaron is running neck and neck with Willie Mays. Three weeks ago burglars broke into the home of Tal Smith, director of player personnel of the Houston Astros. Smith had two autographed baseballs mounted side by side. One was signed by Willie Mays, the other by Henry Aaron. The Aaron ball was stolen. The Mays ball was not. Henry, you're finally famous! **END**



WINNING OUR THING IN DENMARK

A lot of people think water skiing is a sort of sunshine follies staged for the tourists at Cypress Gardens, but in Denmark last week a dead-serious U.S. team won its 10th straight world title **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Everybody knows about the sport of water skiing. Water skiing is that funny thing people do down at Cypress Gardens, where they all get on top of each other's shoulders and whip along the shoreline past stands of tourists and flamingoes. The girls are always golden tan and beautiful and the guys aren't too bad themselves. Then come the clown acts and the barefoot ballet and lots of balloons. For a topper there is a man taking off from the water under a kite and then soaring to a splashy stop in the middle of some flaming torches. Everybody says golf-ee and goes home, secure in the knowledge that they have seen water skiing.

Well, they have not. Like certain other American inventions—two-car garages, for instance, and credit cards—water skiing has recently come to the burgeoning proprietary attention of the middle class. Growing affluence and ski-now-pay-later plans have permitted practically anyone who has the desire to buy a boat, a motor, a towrope and some skis... then to find a lake and zoom off into the horizon.

Along with this development has come a healthy shifting of interest away from the slick, commercial aspects of water skiing to the solid, competitive forms of the sport. And last week in Copenhagen, Denmark, halfway across the world from Florida, where it all grew up, American water skiers marked their finest hour.

Oh, there were still barefoot exhibitions and a few parachutes, but these came only after the true spectacle, the 11th World Water Ski Championships, which the United States won again.

Like basketball, this is frankly our game. The U.S. always beats the other guys in water skiing. On the way to Copenhagen, U.S. men and women had won this biennial tournament in each

of the nine years that a team championship has been contested. It has never been close. The golden-tan U.S. team came to Denmark only mildly concerned that the outcome might be any different than before.

At a reception given by Lord Mayor Urban Hansen in Copenhagen's elegant Town Hall on the eve of the championships, 19-year-old Mike Snyderhoud, a Californian of Dutch parentage, pulled a London newspaper clipping from his wallet. "This guy writes that the Australians could beat us," he said. "I don't know if that's exactly right."

U.S. Team Manager Mary Rothenberg was even more succinct. "That makes us mad, right?" he said. "The Australians will definitely finish second. If we get regular water conditions without much wind there shouldn't be any problems. If it blows real bad the whole thing can open up for anybody."

But that was most unlikely. Not even the wind could spoil what had been a staggering effort by the Danish Water Ski Federation over three years to get set for the tournament. Not many world championships of any kind are held in this small country (though the natives pointed out that they do have a world-class piano player named Borger), and they were understandably enthusiastic. The neighboring *kommunes* of Frederiksberg, Gentofte, Gladsaxe and Bagsvaerd had all chipped in with financial help, volunteers and vocal functions to help smooth the way for their big-city partner.

All the *kommunes* are spotted around the competition site, Bagsvaerd Lake, a picturesque strip of green water about eight miles northwest of the city. Sheltered on two sides by forests and on a third by hills, the lake was given over to the skiers by two rowing clubs which use it for their own competitions. A spec-

iator area was already available on grassy tapers. Everything was set.

The *Første verdensmesterskab på Vandski* (world championships on water skis) were divided into three events for men and women: slalom, jumping and trick skiing.

The slalom is similar to the one on snow: a skier follows his towboat through the entrance gate and, while the boat takes a direct course, he cuts a criss-cross pattern around six turning buoys. After a first run the boat increases speed (from 34 to 36 mph for men, 32 to 34 mph for women), and then the towline is shortened, first by 12 feet and then in six-foot stages. The skier's run ends with a fall or a missed buoy.

In jumping, boat speed and the towline are constant, but skiers increase their speed going into the six-foot-high ramp by a "double wake cut," that is, cutting out as far as the rope will allow on the far side of the ramp, then cutting hard back to it for the jump. "Tricking," easily the most difficult of the three events, permits any speed for the towboat, any length of towline and any trick routine the skier favors in his two 20-second runs.

For this tournament the U.S. fielded probably its strongest team ever. In addition to Snyderhoud, who won the men's overall title in Quebec two years ago, there were Ricky McCormick and Alan Kempton, two veterans of the 1967 team, and 14-year-old Wayne Grinditch, a rising superstar in all phases of competition. Grinditch, despite his tender years, drew a special invitation to the prestigious Masters tournament at Callaway Gardens, Ga. last

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Slicing through slalom turns, American Mike Snyderhoud (above) and Elizabeth Alan piled up watery points to win a pair of titles.





month, sailed through that contest and won a rare opportunity to make the world team.

"He just started on the six-foot ramp a month ago," said Rothenberg on the day of the preliminary jumping event. "He doesn't know enough to have nerves. You just wind him up and say, 'Wayne, there's the ramp,' and he's gone."

If the men's competition was to be one-sided, competition for women was almost nonexistent. Appearing in her third world tournament for the U.S. was Elizabeth (Liz) Allan—"the best jumper, the best trickster, the best slalom performer, the best woman skier who ever lived, period," according to one expert observer. At 18, Liz, from Winter Park, Fla., won the overall four years ago in Australia but flopped at the last world tournament. She has a tendency to become bored with lack of competition and she was beaten at the team trials by Christy Lynn Weir, a tall, linthe high school cheerleader from McQueeney, Texas, who completed the American team.

In Copenhagen, Liz quickly reasserted her superiority by placing first in all three preliminary events—winning the overall women's championship. "I think the boys have gotten me interested in skiing again," she explained. "Mike is teaching me how to spring on the jump. I haven't got that sick attitude anymore. I think now that I can do anything I want to do."

World rules stipulate that team and individual overall championships are decided strictly on first-round totals, but in the men's division most of the excitement was packed into the last two days of the weeklong meet. Suyderhoud, an intense, thickly muscled college sophomore from San Anselmo, Calif., had picked up a first place in the first-round slalom, a fourth in the tricks and trailed Bruce Cockburn of Australia (who won the tricks) by 10 points going into the jumping contest. Thus, the jumps would decide the overall champion.

In the Georgia trials Mike had jumped 162 feet—a world record—and he expected an easy time of it in his best event. He needed only a one-foot mar-

gin over Cockburn to beat him and sew up the overall title. Of the six men in contention for the overall—Suyderhoud, McCormick, Cockburn, Colin Faulkner of Australia, George Athans of Canada and Roby Zucchi, the Italian champion—Mike was the only one to jump early. His teammates call him "technical Mike" for his exhaustive analysis of skiing techniques, and first he went down the course and passed without making his jump ("He's figuring it out now," said Rothenberg, on shore. "He's finding out exactly where he wants to cut and how. He'll play it cozy.")

But Suyderhoud's crutson was costly. His jump on the next run was a low (for him) 130 feet and his second jump was only five feet better.

"You've blown it! What happened?" shouted his father, back at the dock.

"I don't know. I don't know," said Mike. "I thought the first jump was 135. They held up that number in the boat. I was only going for 140 anyway."

Well, we will protest. We will throw the book at them. Use anything you've got. Get Mary.

But Rothenberg's protest was turned down, as he knew it would be. The distance relayed to the towboat was the one measured by visual sighting, not the official distance recorded by film. All jumpers were getting the same treatment, even though the visual sightings admittedly could be as much as seven feet in error. It looked as if Suyderhoud had failed in his defense of the championship as he walked up the spectator hill to watch the other jumpers.

Meanwhile, Grinditch—following Mike—leaped away on a 140-footer to move into first place in the jump (he had already been eliminated from the overall by a poor performance in tricks).

And then, dramatically, the wind came up hard from the open east end of the lake. It shook up the water, creating whitecaps, and it changed the picture completely. Ricky McCormick, watching the waves form, confessed to mixed emotions. "Mike's jump now looks better and better," he said. Then he frowned and looked at the sky. "Thanks a helluva lot."

Suyderhoud had let everybody back in the door two hours earlier, but now the wind was shutting them out. First McCormick, then Faulkner, then Athans took their runs through the choppy wakes but only Faulkner came anywhere

close with 129 feet. "Damn wind," said Bob Boocock, the Canadian coach. "Mike got perfect water and his protest was about as ridiculous as a 160-foot jumper jumping 135 feet, which is what he is and what he did. But now he's saved."

And he was. Bruce Cockburn, down at the starting dock about to begin his run to the ramp, was the final threat. "I'm nervous," he said just before taking off. "I don't think Mike should have played safe, but now I guess he's the smart one." Cockburn, who needed a jump of 135 feet to retain his lead over Suyderhoud, made only 117. It was all over.

As Mike walked slowly back down the hill to get his skis, he found it difficult to speak. "I just don't know," he said. "It's kind of hard to win this way. I guess—if the water had stayed the same we would have known. But this way I don't know if I deserve it."

Still Grinditch's 140-foot jump had held up for that first-round lead, giving the U.S. five first places out of the six events toward the team overall score, 8,821 out of a perfect 9,000. It was the highest total ever. Australia finished a distant second, with France third and Canada fourth.

And the wind came back to blow up a splashy finish on the final day. First, that jump scored by Grinditch still stood up against all new attempts—and the freckle-faced lad became the youngest jumping champ ever. Next, Suyderhoud had his troubles with the slalom—he tumbled after a run of 9½ buoys and ended up fourth. He was still the overall water ski champion, of course, on the basis of his earlier points, but the new world slalom title turned out to be Spain's Victor Palomo, a first for his country. And with all that, it was Liz Allan who showed them all how to do it.

After coasting through to a jumping title in the morning (99 feet was plenty), she was only one event away from becoming the first woman in water ski history to win all three events. Final stage was tricks, where she had lost it all two years before, and this time Liz took no chances. She did not do her most difficult stunts—and still won easily, with Christy Weir in second.

"It's great," said Liz. "But I may hang up the old skis. It is getting harder to get out there every day. I might just like to remember Copenhagen as the last time."

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY DRAGO

There was no mistaking the U.S. team! Christy Lynn Weir (left) was second in trick skiing and Liz Allan was the overall champion.

SHOO-IN FOR A YOUNG SHOE PITCHER

A flashy (but gifted) young man named Denny Kuchcinski triumphed over a batch of experienced (but careful) oldsters in the world horseshoe pitching championship at Erie, Pa., leaving behind him 35 dead ringers

by WILLIAM PAUL

Think of a quiet, green, nostalgic Winslow Homer painting mixed with a Mutt and Jeff cartoon and you get the flavor of the World Championship Horseshoe Tournament. At Gieswood Park in Erie, Pa., where this year's championship ended two weeks ago, the old-time, county-fair atmosphere was palpable as soon as one stepped inside there was a plump, gray-haired lady sewing the names of competitors on shirts, a man selling 50-cent tickets on a raffle and putting the money in an old coffee can, competitions for women and children and even small boys perched in the trees looking down on the lighted field in the breezy midsummer night. There were six rows of wooden bleachers on three sides of the pitching area, crowded with rapt spectators, the men wearing suspenders, the women in old-fashioned, roomy housedresses. (There would have been bleachers on four sides, but one side was kept clear for the senior citizens' shuffleboard games.) On 18 pitches the 36 top horseshoe pitchers



Showy backswing and casual hat characterized Kuchcinski.



Conservative style and lively hat are displayed by loser Steve Panichis.

from the U.S. and Canada—in horseshoe pitching the U.S. and Canada are the same as the world—tossed their shoes (maximum weight: 2½ pounds) the regulation distance (40 feet) as if they were quietly re-enacting in a modern setting the game that used to be a favorite rural pastime wherever there were horses and blacksmith shops.

But the contemporary world kept crowding in on the picnic atmosphere as busily as a television commercial. When Danny Kuchinski won the world championship two years ago at the age of 18, he hired a publicity agent. Danny is a local Erie boy, a left-hander, the youngest pitcher in 44 years ever to win the world championship. He was also the first horseshoe pitcher in history to acquire a public-relations staff and the first to demonstrate trick shots for Johnny Carson on the *Tonight Show*. Teamed up with Sue Gillespie, of Portland, Ind., the youngest girl ever to win the ladies horseshoe pitching championship—he had an act (performed in sports shows in Minneapolis and Kansas City) in which Sue rested her chin on the stake and Danny pitched ringers just inches under her lovely features.

Last year Danny lost his title to Elmer Hohl, a sturdy, dignified, 30-year-old carpenter and farmer from Wellfleet, Ontario, who represents the old order of things in the world of horseshoes as much as Danny represents the new. Hohl fired shots at the stake with machine-like efficiency and a form that suggested the bowler Don Carter releasing a howling ball. Danny delivered with a big backswing and a soft, flowing follow-through. To become world champion you have to win a round-robin tournament of the 36 best pitchers (of the 5,000 members of the National Horseshoe Pitchers' Association), which means that you have to average nearly nine ringers out of every 10 throws for six hours a day, six straight days.

"You got to be tough to play this sport, baby," said Bill Rogers, who could also be called a representative of the new order. In fact, he claims to have introduced soul into horseshoe pitching. Rogers is a 43-year-old former professional basketball player who turned to horseshoes four years ago. During the winter he keeps in condition, working out by pitching horseshoes all by himself under a streetlight in a park on 125th Street in New York City, to the astonishment of policemen patrolling on the Harlem River

Drive. Rogers says the notion that horseshoes is an old man's sport is ridiculous. "Horseshoes is a singular accomplishment," he says. "You've got to hit that stake yourself, because it sure isn't going to give you a break. When you hit it, you know you have sweated alone."

Other contenders had less of the sense of horseshoe pitching as solitary self-testing. "Even when the pressure is off," said Steve Fencich, "I'm still worried out there because I'm thinking about my pole bean plants." He pitches close to 80°, (which means he averages 80 ringers for every 100 shoes pitched) but he is also an impassioned organic horticulturist, as well as the superintendent of the Cenacle Convent in Rochester, N.Y. His concentration on the tournament was reduced by his struggle to save his Italian pole bean plants from Mexican bean beetles. "Don't ever use insecticide on those little chocolate-colored critters," he told his fellow pitchers. "That's not nature's way." Just before he left for the tournament, he felt he had made a breakthrough. "I was getting them with a solution of garlic, peppers and vinegar," he said, "but now my only defense is the sisters' prayers."

He had a lot of time to think while he was throwing horseshoes on the pitch. A game (50 points) might run to 45 minutes or more. If each player throws two ringers with his two shoes there is no score. If one player throws two ringers and his opponent only one, the man with two ringers gets three points. If each throws one ringer (which rarely happened at Erie), the man who has thrown the closest shoe of the two that missed gets one point. (In case neither throws a shoe within six inches of the stake, there is no score, but that does not happen in world-championship play.) So points are added slowly, and games came down to scores in the 40s, with one three-point shoe becoming decisive.

One lost game the first day nearly puts a competitor out of the running. By the third day only the top three or four are still competing for the championship. Danny (who married Sue Gillespie the week before the tournament) was still undefeated. Hohl was in second place, he was upset the next-to-last night by Ray Martin, a durable contender who had finished in the top five the last five years but never won the championship. The final game between Hohl and Danny was far more than the world title. It was a generation struggle

as well, a classic encounter between a master of the old-style, homespun, farmers' sport and a cocky, ambitious showman. "If you are any good at pitching at all," said Danny's bride, "you should be making \$20,000 a year. Even the putt-putt golfers make much more on a tour."

Like most of the players of his era who learned to pitch in Depression days on the farm, Hohl plays purely for sport. He gave up several three-pointers early in the contest when his second shoe refused to hold the stake. (The first shoes pitched, landing in clay, tend to stay put when they ring the stake, but when the next shoes land they hit iron and are more likely to skip off.) Hohl rallied to cut Danny's lead to 47-40 but came up short with his next shoe. That gave Danny three points, the game, the world championship, prize money of \$700, but probable auxiliary earnings of \$10,000 in sport shows. The little teen-aged girl keeping score jumped up and down, and the kids climbed out of the trees to rush the winner.

END



Tiny Gungle Strauss did well for age 3½.

ALONE FOR A PASSING MOMENT

The pro receiver works in a world apart. Away from the chaos around him, he is a single actor in a single act within the total drama of the game. A crossbreed with a dab of stickum on his hands, he mixes speed and strength with guile. He pursues a course of action of his own—zig-in, z-out, flag, post, fly—with

but one thought in mind: to get the ball. The head fake, the eye feint, the half step, the dropped shoulder, the angled cut are some of the ruses in his repertoire.

Only when he has crossed the goal or been flung to earth, the ball in his arms, is his lonely mission over. Then, like Antaeus, he rises to begin again.



Oakland's Fred Bilatnikoff reaches for touch-down pass and San Francisco's Clifton McNeil races outside, leaving a defender behind.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER COSS JR







With three Packers on his back, Colt Willie Richardson makes a lunge for some extra yards.

Jet George Sauer fakes in and goes out to elude Buffalo's spraddle-legged Butch Byrd.

Desperate dive helps Philadelphia's Fred Hill (next page) to pick one off at knee level.







A forearm and brutal force mark the style of Colt strongman John Mackey.

As a protective pocket forms behind him, Chief Otis Taylor goes deep.

Mission completed, Charger Lance Alworth holds ball—end awaits impact.



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Seymour (Sy) Siwoff, 68, who has earned run averages and batting completion percentages as so many jolts and pearls, has always had this real feeling for statistics. He had it certainly well before he went to work for a struggling New York baseball information bureau that sometimes had difficulty meeting its payroll. It happened three decades ago, yet to this day Siwoff hasn't forgotten one particular stretch of empty paydays that ran to 13 in a row. But then, he's always had this real feeling for statistics.

Happily, Siwoff has come to know better times. Although he still works at the same place that used to have trouble paying its help, he does so as the boss rather than as an employee. And he has become, as it was his heartfelt mission to become, the sports world's No. 1 professional answer man. Although primarily a statistician, Siwoff traffics not only in the bare bones of figures and fractions but also in that somewhat fleshier matter that is sometimes called, redolent of a quainter day, dope. "My job isn't just figuring out batting averages," he says with an uneasy grandiloquence. "I'm in the business of problem solving, you might call it. I suppose you might even say that I'm running a *think* factory."

Siwoff's forte is not the things he can tell you off the top of his head, in the manner of your barroom know-it-alls, but the things he can find out for you quickly, accurately and cheerfully. As president and owner of Elias Sports Bureau, Inc., he is one of two great founts of information at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, the other being the New York Public Library across the street. His desk, on an upper floor of one of those midtown office buildings that command unobstructed views of one another, has three phones on it, so that anybody who calls him for information is right away batting 333. Sometimes a question can arise even while a ball game is in progress, as with a call from Chicago earlier this season concerning the Cubs' Ernie Banks.

Banks was having a big afternoon—seven runs batted in—and the boys in the Wrigley Field press box were groping for their statistical bearings. Promising to get right back to them, Siwoff put down the receiver and hurried into a large, cluttered room with a sign over the entrance: ETERNAL VER-



HIS WORD IS THE LAW OF AVERAGES

Quick and accurate, Seymour (Sy) Siwoff of the Elias Sports Bureau is the recording angel of statistics for baseball's National League and pro football

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

BLANCE IS THE PRICE OF ACCURACY IN STATISTICS. Inside, looking as vigilant as could be in front of electronic calculators and outsized ledger sheets, Swoff's four full-time employees (he also has several others as temporary summer help) were fast at work, a group of like-minded men with whom Swoff interacts like the cheerleader with the crowd. He is nominally their leader, yet the current of enthusiasm running between himself and the others seems to flow in both directions.

"Look it up even if you know the answer," he urges them "Don't trust your memory."

Or "Wow, how do you like that?" Wilbelys once appeared in a game at shortstop. It's unbelievable the things you come across just leafing through these sheets."

Another time, "Hey, there's a strike-out missing here somewhere. Let's find it. Where are your controls?"

Now Swoff was exhorting his men to comb the records for Ernie Banks' personal single-game high in runs batted in, and they were responding with exuberance. Out came large volumes containing sheets laced with forbidding rows of figures, including a day-by-day compilation of the 2,300-odd games the 38-year-old Banks had played. Each man, Swoff included, took one of the volumes and scanned the columns quickly and silently.

Moments later the phone rang back at Wrigley Field. "Banks has had seven RBIs in a game twice before," Swoff reported breathlessly. "On August 4, 1955, and again on May 1, 1963." This intelligence went out immediately over the ball park's public-address system to the crowd on hand and, via the press box, to the outside world. "If Seymour says it's so, then it's so," testified Chuck Shriver, the Cubs' publicity man. "He's my bible."

A small, angular, dark-haired man of 48, Swoff has about him an earnestness that seems rather at odds with the impish Groucho-style mustache he wears, the latter a luxurious affair that looks as if it might have been brushed on in response to one of those matchbook-cover ads directed at smokers with untapped driving ability. It is the face of a man anxious to please but not at all sure whether he is succeeding. "When somebody calls to find out something, I try to get it for him like that," says Swoff

with a snap of his fingers. "I want to do all I can for him. Maybe it's because I'm so friendly, I don't know. But when they call me, it's flattering."

His dedication to his work has earned for Swoff vast reserves of good will and, in the last few years, even some modest riches. He busily compiles and certifies averages, percentages and totals in his capacity as official statistician both for baseball's National League (plus the International and Eastern Leagues) and for the pro football leagues. He also feeds statistics on demand to magazines, newspapers and such varied clients as the Topps bubble-gum people, who put players' records on baseball cards to give kids something else to chew on. And he publishes *The Little Red Book of Baseball*, a compendium of records and marginalia that baseball writers have used in their work for four decades.

There are some people, Swoff among them, whose idea of bringing order to a bewildering universe is to assign numerical values to everything and then to add, multiply and otherwise scramble them into supposedly meaningful patterns. Sports are especially susceptible to such exercises because, unlike the ebb and flow of daily life, they take place in a self-enclosed world in which most things—games, seasons, careers—have precise beginnings and ends. Statistics, of course, have been particularly pervasive in baseball, so much so that the game's detractors often complain of being inundated by gray masses of aquatic type. Pro football, on the other hand, is said to have flourished for the very reason that it is not so enveloped in statistics, it being a more fluid and interdependent game, one in which it is more difficult to isolate individual performances and so forth.

All that aside, the fact is that pro football's upsurge in popularity has been accompanied by a rapid increase in the statistics that surround it, a phenomenon that Swoff has openly aided and abetted. Until 1966, for example, individual field-goal records were confined largely to the number of goals and total attempts. Swoff has since amplified those records to reflect the number of field goals and attempts according to distance—one to 19 yards, 20 to 29 yards, etc. Similarly, statistics on punt and kick-off returns were maintained separately until the St. Louis Cardinals' Chuck Latourette had a big and busy season in

both last year. After research by Swoff, two new categories have been added in the 1969 NFL official record book:

Most Combined Kick Returns, Season 74 Charles Latourette, St. Louis, 1968 (28 punts, 46 kickoffs)

Most Yardage, Combined Kick Returns, Season 1,582 Charles Latourette, St. Louis, 1968 (345 punts, 1,237 kickoffs)

In encouraging the proliferation of statistics, Swoff has had the good sense to realize that they are valuable only insofar as they reflect what happened in yesterday's game and generate interest in what might happen tomorrow. They thus are tools primarily for the historian and the public-relations man, an insight that eludes the fetishist who indiscriminately collects meaningless statistics for no apparent reason but to talk to them, little caring that they often have nothing to say in reply.

"Statistics can be cold and trivial," says Swoff. "But they can also be alive and full of drama. When a batter hits three home runs in a game and then comes to bat for the fourth time, and if you know that only a few people have ever hit four in history, what could be more dramatic? The excitement in the air is unbelievable. It's electric. And what about a no-hitter? That's a statistical thing. But, wow, what a thrill when the pitcher keeps retreating the side and the crowd starts buzzing in the seventh and eighth innings. It's unbelievable."

"But what I enjoy most about statistics is the chance they give you to relive the past. When Ernie Banks gets seven RBIs in a game or when Reggie Jackson gets 10, it brings back memories of when Jim Bottomley drove in 12 or Tony Lazzeri drove in 11. In looking up things like that, I can see those guys in my mind as clearly as if they were playing again. And to think that when Jackson got his 10, he struck out one time at bat with the bases loaded. How do you like that?"

A troubled expression clouded Swoff's face. "My son Ronnie, he's 18, and it's unbelievable. Why, he never even heard of Mel Ott until last year. It stabs you when something like that happens. He looks at the record and says, 'Hey, Dad, who's this Mel Ott? Wow, 511 home runs, he must have been quite a player.' How do you like that? Well, it pains you to hear that from your own

son. But, you see, those statistics serve a purpose. They help describe what kind of hitter Mel Ott was. They provide the historical continuity that enables us to compare one generation to the next. They tell a story."

The job of fashioning sports statistics into story form is widely shared. Siwoff is the National League statistician, while his chief competitor, Chicago's Howe News Bureau, handles the American League and eight minor leagues. And rather than use any outside bureau, the pro basketball and hockey leagues, as well as most college conferences and associations, compile their own statistics. Individual teams maintain some records, as do sportswriters and news media. There are also a few freelancers, notably Leonard Gettelson, a retired grocer in Fair Haven, N.J. who has been compiling statistics for *The Sporting News* for the past 44 years and who collaborates on several of that publication's annual guides, including *One for the Road*. The attic in Gettelson's home contains 200-odd cartons crammed with newspaper accounts and box scores of every major league baseball game since 1917. Says his wife Fran: "If he'd devoted the same time to stock-market statistics, we'd be millionaires."

Keeping statistics is a hobby with some, a crusade with others. Around the country is a small army of number addicts whose second greatest thrill is to check the official statistics against their own, their first greatest thrill is to catch a mistake in the official ones. "People like Seymour live in a fishbowl," sympathizes Don Weiss, the NFL publicity man who works with Siwoff on league statistics. The existence of amateur statisticians poised to pounce helps provide a constant check on official records, but some show signs of overreaching.

The pathology of the condition at its most acute is illustrated by a Times Square denizen who maintains, on small scraps of paper, meticulous records on such matters as the number of home runs yielded by Cleveland pitchers during May. His homing instincts bring him to the Elias bureau, a memorable visit having occurred during the seventh game of the 1960 Pirate-Yankee World Series, the one eventually decided by Bill Mazeroski's ninth-inning home run.

Siwoff and the others were watching the game on TV. Without so much as a glance at the screen, their visitor walked

in and announced that his records on regular-season grand-slam home runs seemed to conflict with the bureau's, and wouldn't everybody help him sleuth out the discrepancy? This was too much even for Siwoff. "I threw him out," he recalls sadly. "The seventh game of the World Series. How do you like that? He keeps all those baseball statistics, and he doesn't like baseball."

There is not such a shortage of quirks on his own staff that Siwoff has to go around importing it from outside. One of his employees, Bernie Levy, has a particular weakness for statistics on minor league ballplayers, in whom he is whispered to lose interest as soon as they reach the majors. Levy was introduced to a onetime journeyman minor league hallplayer named Rocky Tedesco at a baseball luncheon a few years back, whereupon he numbed everybody, Tedesco included, by saying, "You're Rocky Tedesco? The one who played for Salina in the Western Association in 1946?" The 36-year-old Levy has maintained statistics on almost every player in the higher minor leagues—from triple A as far down as some Class B leagues—for the past 23 years, and he updates his records every Tuesday and Friday night while his wife plays mah-jongg with friends.

Siwoff shares with Levy and the others in the bureau a fascination with sports oddities, conundrums and knotty problems. In sports' equivalent of the trivia game, they might ask you the one about which brother combination won the most games among big-league pitchers and then answer, after you've made a silly of yourself over the Dean boys, that it was the Mathewsons with 373 combined wins (Christy's record, 373-188; brother Henry's, 0-1). They'll also tell you that baseball's foul lines really ought to be called fair lines since, unlike the situation in football or basketball, any ball touching them is still in play—all of which is probably as fruitful as arguing that life insurance really should be called death insurance.

At the heart of such exercises is an absorption with cold, chiseled fact that manifests itself in other ways. For instance, when Siwoff drives past one of those highway signs reading SERVICE STATION 3½ MILES, he actually checks the distance against his odometer. Then, too, he has little patience with any form of fiction. "You wouldn't catch Seymour

reading *Valley of the Dolls*," says Al (Rocky) Avakian, another bureau employee. "He'd only wind up counting the number of pills."

Any suggestion that fiction and statistics spring from incompatible impulses, though, ignores James T. Farrell, the novelist and an inveterate baseball fan who can tell you, without looking it up, that "Eddie Collins played 25 years, batted .333 and was one of eight players who made over 3,000 hits—and he didn't do it on booze." Says Farrell, "I was figuring batting averages before I could read."

Unlike most boys, Siwoff enjoyed the rare good fortune of having his youthful passion converge with his adult profession. A native of Brooklyn who rooted variously for the Dodgers, Giants, Red Sox, Tigers and not more than eight or 10 others, he graduated in 1943 from St. John's University with a degree in accounting. In his freshman year a college friend introduced him to what was then known as the Al Munro Elias Baseball Bureau, and Siwoff got a job there during summer vacations computing minor league statistics and running errands. The free baseball passes that he received helped compensate for the long delay in collecting his \$12-a-week salary.

The bureau had been founded in 1916 by South Carolina-born Al Munro Elias, who shortly afterward became the National League statistician. Elias knew his stuff—Damon Runyon called him "the figger filbert," a term that came into general currency—but the bureau was never on solid ground financially. A few months after Siwoff joined the bureau, Elias died and the business passed to other members of the family. Siwoff, after serving with the 88th Infantry during World War II in Italy (and suffering shrapnel wounds in the stomach), took a fling at accounting and then returned to the bureau in 1948, although he was newly married and had serious doubts about whether there was any future in the business.

Those doubts intensified in 1952 when, first, the Elias bureau lost some of its biggest newspaper accounts to a competing statistical service recently launched by the Associated Press and then, a few months later, the last active member of the founding family died. "As bad as the business was I couldn't let go," re-

calls Swoff. "It was like an infection." So he picked up the pieces, reorganizing the bureau but keeping the Elias name. Over the next few years the rapid expansion of professional sports and the growing influence of public relations combined to keep the bureau afloat. But not until Swoff became official statistician for the NFL in 1960 (he got the AFL after the merger agreement in 1966) was the turnaround complete. The football account enabled the bureau, which hitherto had languished after the baseball season, to develop into a year-round operation with a permanent staff.

The impetus for football's growing statistical sophistication has come not only from Swoff and league headquarters but from the ranks of the coaches, many of whom put almost cabalistic faith in the value of numbers. Pro coaches use computers to measure how many times an opponent has a particular hole in the line, and they can tell you that St. Louis Offensive Tackle Ernie McMillan once received a near-perfect 96½ rating on execution of his pass-blocking assignment. "Our computer use has come through 100% for us," says San Francisco 49er Coach Dick Nolan, typically using a statistic to make his point.

Swoff has experimented with computers on a limited basis, but he has dim hopes for any system that could possibly program all the statistical information he deals with daily and yet be within his reach financially. Still, he is very much a stickler for accuracy, riding herd on official scores in both football and baseball to make sure that the raw score sheets they send him are correct in every respect. Swoff once went searching for a baseball official scorer, a newspaperman who had failed to submit any score sheets for several days, in a bar that the fellow was said to frequent. As it turned out, he wasn't there but his scorebook was stored for safekeeping in the bar's refrigerator. "I finished filling them out and went up to the guy's apartment," Swoff says. "He was scared, but I had him sign the score sheets as best he could. When I got out in the street, I said to myself, 'Seymour, only you would put up with this.' That's my biggest fault—sometimes I'm just too nice to people."

Nowhere does Swoff's exuberant nature get a more thorough workout than at the ball park, where he tries to show up during the baseball season—either

Yankee Stadium or Shea, depending on which team is at home—at least once a week. Before the game he is everywhere. "Hello there, Jerry Coleman," he says, greeting the Yankee broadcaster in the press lounge ("A prince of a guy. They don't make them any finer.") "Hello there, Bob Sheppard," he says on the way up a ramp ("The greatest public address announcer in the world. Unbelievable diction.") "Hello, there, Joe Pepitone," he says outside the clubhouse ("A nice kid. A little flaky, but nice").

During the game Swoff sits in the press box, keeping score and chattering with the baseball writers. "When you've been around as long as I have," he says, "you can't go anywhere without having everybody say hello to you. It's flattering."

For all that enthusiasm, though, Swoff knows enough to keep his statistics and himself in proper perspective. "There's more to sports than just data," he acknowledges. "You have to look at the broader picture, too. In football a guy might gain a lot of yards rushing. But it could say more about his blocking or the other team's defense than it does about his own ability. And look at fielding figures in baseball; they tell you tragically little. Even an outfielder's assists don't mean much. If he has a really good arm, he might not have too many assists because they're all afraid to run on him."

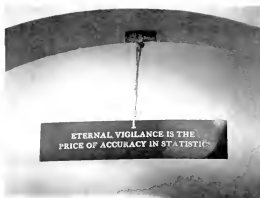
"Or take slugging percentages. A guy

slugs 800, wow. But what's that really mean, to *slug* 800? Not much. And the way people can sit there and throw statistics at you all night about how the Baltimore Colts were the best team last year, it's unbelievable. All the statistics in the world don't change the fact that on January 12, 1969 the New York Jets won the Super Bowl 16-7. It's as simple as that."

So, there you have it. Seymour Swoff is somebody who knows what the score is, no small accomplishment even for a sports statistician. "No, I'm not going to sit here and tell you that what I'm doing is the most important thing in the world," he allows. "It's a business and it's got its headaches like any other business. I don't wake up every morning and say, 'whoopie. I'm going to work.' Some days I'd just as soon stay home."

"But I do happen to believe that statistics, if used properly, are of value in telling you about the game. And if your statistics aren't accurate, what good are they anyway? Maybe an extra double here or a missing walk there aren't so important. But I can't stand being sloppy. I guess it's something I have right here." He pointed in the general vicinity of his heart and then continued in his best cheerleader's voice. "Pride, that's what it is," he said. "It's nice when somebody tells me, 'Seymour, I know I can count on you.' I mean, it's flattering, don't you think?"

END



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE



HIS HAIR FLOWING, WOLTERS SITS AMONG HIS HOBBIES, ALONG WITH HIS DAUGHTER GRETCHEN AND (IN BACKGROUND) HIS

A tiny trout launched Dick Wolters on a wildly successful subcareer of fly tying, bird shooting, dog training, sailplaning—and authorship

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

THE OBSESSIONS OF A LATE-BLOOMER

American males, slumped in front of the tube, putting on a pot and approaching 40, arise! Take as your example an elf Richard A. Wolters. To middle-aged millions reared on the unrequited dreams of Walter Mitty or diverted by the brilliant ineptitudes of George Plimpton, the positive achievements of Dick Wolters offer direction, inspiration and thrust.

Thirteen years ago Wolters was just another weary commuter, slogging home to a loving family, a relaxing drink and an hour in an easy chair. Then he discovered sports, and now, at the age of 49, he is a distinguished (and sometimes controversial) fly-fisherman, skeet shooter, retriever trainer, sailplane enthusiast and author of five books, *Brown*, a sporting memoir, *Gun Dog, Water Dog, Furry Dog* and *Intimid Dog*. The owner of multitudes of equipment, some of it ingeniously self-devised, he has a custom-made camper that draws wows on the back roads of Maine and Montana. In Manhattan he is a pillar of the Madtown Turf, Yachting and Polo Association, where he lunches with the likes of Lee Wulff, Ed Zern, Ernie Schwabert and other mahouts of the outdoors. Wolters is generous with advice, even among his peers, and comparative strangers often phone him to inquire about hatches on the Batten Kill, the proper discipline for a listless Labrador or the name of a good little parachute rigger. Wolters is pleased to serve as a guru; as a matter of fact, he resembles one. He has a bushy mustache, and for the past three years he has allowed his naturally thick head

of hair to grow almost to his shoulders, with the result that he looks rather like Hal Holbrook playing *Murder, My Sweet*. Dressed in a vintage Abercrombie suit, his husband studded with field-aria pins, he is a sight to remember.

Wolters did not become interested in sports until he was 36. Like many another American male coming in on middle age, he was too busy with a career and building a home to get involved. He played tennis as a youngster in Philadelphia, but he gave it up when he went to Penn State to study chemistry. Upon graduation in 1942 he went into rocket and then atomic research for the government. He took part in A-bomb tests in Nevada and the Pacific but, bored with research, he gambled on turning his hobby of photography into a living. He succeeded and became a magazine photographer.

In 1954 he became the first picture editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and soon thereafter, more or less in line of duty, was persuaded to go fishing. He returned to the office proudly bearing a 4½-inch trout—a catch that should have got him arrested but instead set him on fire. "Given the way I've always embarked on projects, I'm sure that had I been on a construction magazine I would have learned to operate a crane," he says. "But suppose I'd been on a woman's magazine?"

Fly-fishing helped establish two basic rules that Wolters has since followed in choosing a sport.

1) The sport must be readily available. Fly-fishing was only minutes away

continued



WIFE OLIVE AND THEIR LABRADORS

on the Amawalk, an excellent stream in northern Westchester.

2) The sport must be within reach financially so that he can afford the best in equipment and accommodations. "I must go first cabin," he says.

Wolters is very methodical, and when he began fishing the Amawalk he kept a log noting stream conditions, water temperatures, fly hatches and the number of trout caught. In 1956 he fished a total of 45 times and caught 11 trout, much to the merriment of his friends. After the season ended he practiced casting on his lawn and started tying flies.

He built a rotary tying vise from sundry spare parts, including a shaft stripped from a motor his son Roger found in the street, and he constructed his own tying table. He also designed a fishing jacket with all sorts of special pockets. "Anything I go into I go completely whole hog," he says. "I go all the way out. I don't fiddle around watching television."

In his second year on the Amawalk, Wolters improved. He fished 50 times and caught 166 fish. Having learned his basics, he began fishing elsewhere in the East, and he even made a special trip to England to fish the Test. He set new goals for himself, to fish with the finest of flies and to catch and release the limit of trout every time he fished the Amawalk. He was very fond of fishing and the men he met in the sport. One of his best friends was the late Jack Randolph, the outdoor columnist for *The New York Times*, who on occasion made Wolters the subject of jokes or misadventures. Wolters did not mind, because, as he says, "I enjoy humor, especially the give-and-take between friends." Randolph sometimes got as good as he gave. Once he spent a baffling afternoon on a stream casting some flies. Wolters had tied, and every time a fly hit the water, the feathers would disappear. Wolters, who was hiding nearby and chuckling to himself, had used sugared water instead of lacquer to glue the feathers to the hook.

It was Randolph who, perhaps in an attempt to get even, suggested that Wolters go bird shooting. Wolters accepted the challenge, figuring he might be able to get some feathers for fly tying. On the trap Wolters fired three shots and hit three grouse, the only member of a party of six to get a bird. Randolph was stunned. Wolters was elated, and to improve his shooting he took up skeet,

setting the private goal of winning the Outdoor Editors Shoot the next spring, a competition that he figured was within his class. He won it, all right, while giving a little how toward Randolph.

Wolters enjoyed bird shooting, but what really intrigued him was watching a dog work in the field. He just had to have a dog, and he bought an English setter pup. It died of distemper, and he bought another, which he named Beau. He began training Beau when the dog was only seven weeks old. Gun dogs, so tradition has it, are not to be trained until they are at least six months to a year old, and they are then supposed to be approached with a spiked collar and whip. Oldtime handlers also have maintained that teaching a dog when he's a pup is supposed to take something out of the dog. But, as Wolters later wrote in *Beau*, he was able to take a fresh tack, because "I came to dog training late in life. I didn't have the advantage, or what I might now call the disadvantage, of having a father or a grandfather to teach me how to raise a hunting dog. Traditional dog training is an art that's based on too many old wives' tales. Like the one about never keeping a hunting dog in the house, it will run his nose for game. That was written by an old woman who hated dogs and her husband."

By the age of three months Beau sat, stayed and came on command. Wolters took daily walks with the setter, and whenever the pup would start to walk behind, Wolters would turn around so that the dog was in front. Beau quickly learned his place was out front, but when he got too far out, beyond what would be shotgun range, Wolters whistled to bring him in closer. At five months Beau could quarter a field following hand signals. The dog learned to hold point on a bird in the front yard through an unusual trick. Wolters rigged a grouse wing on the end of a line on a fly rod. As he swung the rod, Beau would get excited seeing the "bird" in flight. Suddenly Wolters would lower the rod and drop the wing on the ground. Beau instantly would freeze on point. In the field Beau proved to have a good nose to go with his eyes.

When Beau was eight months old Wolters received an invitation to lecture at North Carolina State College, where Dr.

Frederick Barkalow Jr. of the zoology department was teaching an adult education course in hunting. Dr. Barkalow had read in Randolph's columns in the *Times* about Wolters' training of Beau and he offered Wolters some fine quail shooting if he would come down with Beau and lecture. Wolters went, and Beau did very well indeed, earning glory in the field on the final day when, as a substitute for older dogs that failed he stood on point 28 times for the excited class.

Wolters had no idea that he had been doing anything revolutionary in dog training, but after returning from Carolina he happened to hear about a study on dogs being done at the Animal Behavior Laboratory at Hamilton Station, a division of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory in Maine. Wolters, his wife and Beau drove to Bar Harbor, where they met Dr. J. Paul Scott, a former Rhodes scholar, who was heading a scientific investigation of the behavior of dogs in the hope that it might shed light on the behavior of men. Olive Wolters, then doing graduate work in psychology, was able to translate some of the research to her husband, and it was immediately apparent to him that he not only had been right in starting Beau so young, but that Dr. Scott and his colleagues had made some truly important findings for dog owners everywhere.

These discoveries were fodder for Wolters, and he immediately began work on a training book, *Gun Dog*, which was published in 1961. "I had never written. I was a poor speller, but I told myself I was going to do the book," Wolters says. "There is no use making excuses for yourself." The book got rave reviews and it is now in its 12th printing.

By now Wolters was hooked on dogs. Unfortunately, the training fields he had used for Beau were giving way to shopping centers and housing developments, and there was a dearth of grouse and pheasant next to the Wolters home. He decided to switch to Labrador retrievers, a breed he very much admired and which did not necessarily need a ready supply of live birds. Using Labs and what Dutton, his publisher, calls the Revolutionary Rapid Training Method, Wolters wrote two books, *Family Dog*, which deals with the dog as a house pet, and *Water Dog*, for the amateur retriever owner-handler. Both books have done

well. His latest book, *Instant Dog*, is a humorous work done in collaboration with Cartoonist Roy Doty. There is some sound advice in the book, but most of it is broad satire, such as how to teach a dog to sit by stepping on his tail or how to feed a dog from the dinner table. There is even an elaborately long recipe, "Instant Supper," for dogs that calls for a dressed three-pound pheasant, green pepper, fresh asparagus, heavy cream and rice. To Wolters' great delight, some reviewers have taken *Instant Dog* as a serious work.

By the early 1960s Wolters was moving in pretty doggy circles, and doggy people can be bitchy. "He had the gall to own one setter and to write a book about training gun dogs," says one doggy critic. "Just who the hell is he?" Another doggy acquaintance says, "When Dick moved into Labs he irritated some people, especially in the rich Long Island crowd. Dick is not the most self-effacing guy in the world, and a lot of people resented him," Wolters says. "Part of the resentment may have been caused by my hooks. New ideas go down hard, and there are people who just didn't agree with my theories, so they didn't like me. I wasn't in Labs for more than a few months when I saw they didn't have adequate training equipment. I went to a field trial when I first had my young Tar, and a woman said her dog couldn't compete because he didn't know how to work far enough. She said, 'I can't throw the dummy that far in training.' She was like most of us. She couldn't afford bird boys or raise live birds or hire a trainer. So that night I got to thinking, and some people couldn't take the results of my thinking."

What Wolters thought up was a sort of Rube Goldberg rocket device that could propel a dummy farther than any human could fling it. He worked out a rough idea and then got in touch with Arthur Johnson, a ballistics expert in Washington. Together they co-designed the finished product, the Retriever-R-Trainer, a hand-held device that can shoot a dummy 100 yards. Twenty-two blank cartridges serve as the propellant, and the charges can be changed to vary the distance. For some time Wolters took delight in visiting field trials to hear goss of amusement from some of his critics. The Retriever-R-Trainer is sold nationally,

and Wolters collects a small, but ego-pleasing, annual royalty. The Retriever-R-Trainer has since proved to have a number of other uses. It can be adapted to hurl a fishing lure 250 yards, throw a line 100 yards and fire a flare, among other things. Once Wolters loaded up with a magnum charge and shot a golf ball out of sight. "This business of trying to come up with new things, with new ideas, innovations, this is really a lot of a sport to me," he says. "To me, the sport of a sport is going in and giving it everything you can and coming up with something new."

In 1962 Wolters became president of the Westchester Retriever Club, and he approached the job with characteristic zest. Until then the club had been somewhat loosely organized, holding only "fun" or "picnic" trials. Wolters set out to make the club more attractive and more effective by getting American Kennel Club recognition and permission to hold sanctioned trials.

Meanwhile, Wolters was active on other fronts. Fishing and dogs were his passion, and if some Eastern field-trailers were snappy, Midwesterners and Westerners were friendly and open. Wolters bought a camper truck, and he and Olive, the two children, Roger and Gretchen, and a pair of Labs would drive west on vacation, stopping to fish, visit kennels or attend field trials. Wolters spent hundreds of hours remodeling the camper. For instance, he built a special kennel compartment for the Labs above the right rear wall, installed extra lights, put in a shower, made fitted dish racks, rigged up a canopy for an outside patio and built an observation deck on the roof. He bought a climbing bike, which fitted on the back and when the family stopped to camp he would tootle off on the bike to fish. Should Olive need him, she only had to call on a walkie-talkie. The camper, named Lablubber's Landlubber II, is so self-sufficient that when they visit friends the Wolterses stay in the camper instead of the home. When the Wolterses visit a camper rally people line up at the door for a tour. To many persons, unfamiliar with Wolters' other sporting activities, he is reverentially referred to as "the guy with that camper," Wolters says. "The camper falls in with my idea of having things that are compact. I enjoy small things that are well designed."

Wolters stayed active in Labs until

1965. But by then he felt there was little more he could do with dogs, and some of the people were unpleasant. One day while walking down the street with a royally check in his pocket, he saw a car he liked. It was an MGB GT, and he bought it at once. Why not race cars? He took driving lessons. But he was not long in finding that sports car racing was not for him. He didn't care for too many of the people ("somewhat flashy," he says), and then he really did not understand engines. He would have to rely on someone else to do the tinkering. Moreover, racing looked as if it might be expensive. One day while racing at Lime Rock in Connecticut, Wolters saw a youngster cartwheel a car. "It didn't bother me to see the accident," Wolters says. "The boy walked away without a scratch. But he totally wrecked his car. I realized one thing then. He had a wealthy father. I didn't and next week he'd be back in a new car. I wouldn't. I saw myself getting into something that was going to be over my head financially."

A year and a half ago a friend, Phil Gilbert, president of Rolls-Royce Inc. in America, suggested that Wolters try soaring. Wolters went aloft with another friend, Arthur Hurst, and he was enthralled. Soaring was convenient at the Westchester, N.Y. airport, only an hour's drive from home. "It cost me \$450 for lessons to get my license," he says. "And after you get your license you can rent, and the cost will come to about what it costs you to ski." In his first year of soaring Wolters set a personal goal of 100 hours in the air. "I made it," he says. "I held my wheel off from landing until the sweep-hand came around to the minute, and then I touched down. That's a lot of flying for a sailplane, especially since my early flights were only 20 minutes long. But I find this to be one of the most challenging sports I ever set my mind to."

After getting his license Wolters bought a German-made sailplane, a Ka-8B, and then a Libelle, a compact fiberglass ship also made in Germany. He recently sold it and got back what he had invested, because the demand for sailplanes exceeds the supply. He now owns a new model Std. Libelle. "The people in soaring are tremendous," Wolters says. "They're hot competitors, but they help one another, and they are out to help you. Some dog people wouldn't talk to you if your life depended on it."

(continued)

They keep their little tricks to themselves. But the people in soaring, the top people I've met, George Moffat (the 1969 national soaring champion), Gordie Lamb, Gleb Denzinsky, are out to help others. George will come up to me and say, "That landing wasn't quite right," and then he'll tell me what to do. When I bought my first Libelle I got a phone call from Ben Greene down in North Carolina, the 1968 champion. I had met him briefly at the Nationals and had flown with him in Pennsylvania. And he warned me I was getting into a slippery little ship and told me what to watch for. This is the camaraderie in this field and I really enjoy it."

Last year Wolters qualified for the silver badge, becoming only the 1,494th American to meet the standards set by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale. To do this, he had to climb 3,280 feet above release by the tow plane, make a flight of five hours' duration and make a 32-mile cross-country flight. Olive crewed for him on the last, keep-

ing in touch by radio (Wolters' call sign is "Old Dog") as she sped along roads in the camper truck with the 28-foot-long trailer for the glider hooked up behind. Wolters completed the flight by landing in a startled farmer's field. Having gotten his silver badge, he qualified for the Eastern regional cross-country competition and won the standard class. During the flight he got extremely low and feared that he would have to land in an apple orchard. Inasmuch as the trees were only 25 feet apart and the wingspan of the Ka-8B is 50 feet, he thought he might have what he called "a real problem of geometry." Fortunately, he hit a good lift and shot up to 6,000 feet. Upon landing, he asked about the apple orchard and was told, "That's no apple orchard—there's cherries."

"I think I can get pretty good at soaring," Wolters says, "but I'm not too sure I want to become a really hotshot competitor. My ambition is to qualify for the gold badge in 1969 and then go for diamond. There are only 109 dia-

monds in the history of American soaring. In diamond you have to make a 300-mile flight and climb 16,000 feet above your low point. I'll probably go out to California to do that. I hear that the lee wave off the Sierra Nevada is just sensational."

With fishing still available in season on the Amawalk, the Labs at home ready to retrieve and a book on soaring in the works, it would seem that Wolters' time is filled. (Since 1956 he also has held a full-time job as illustrations editor of *Business Week*.) Yet he has noticed a small chink in the calendar in January and February when the Warrenton airport is closed by snow. That happens to be the time of the year when the nearby Hudson is frozen over and iceboaters from a hundred miles around take to the river. "Iceboating sounds very attractive," Wolters says. "I am sure I will want to delve into it. Some of the principles I've learned in soaring apply. Iceboating might be just the sport to fill in the entire year very nicely." **END**



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AT AUSTIN-MG DEALERS



Bill Bradley, handed a form to fill out during his two weeks of active duty with his Air Force Reserve unit, gave it back with the space following "Present Occupation" left blank, thus qualifying, perhaps, for the title of least forward forward.

• **Wife Shoemaker** suffered a ruptured bladder and a pelvis broken in five places when his mount fell on him in the paddock at Hollywood Park last April 30. To get back into shape, Shoemaker had been jogging around the track at Arlington Park in Chicago, covering as much distance, if a good deal more slowly, as he used to on a horse a mile or so. But jogging on his own two feet is no way for a jockey to circle a track. A few weeks ago, Shoemaker mounted a horse, a pony actually, for the first time since his accident. Next, he rode a Thoroughbred (one not noted for friskiness), and later in the week galloped five furlongs on dirt,

five furlongs on grass and went once around the track. Shoemaker had been saying he would be lucky to return to the races by September, but on Monday he felt so full of beans that he accepted mounts in a couple of races at Arlington for the following day.

A small part, but **Fwing Kauffman** made it his own. He recently played the Commissioner of Baseball in *Danny Finkler* at the Starlight Theater in Kansas City, and in his honor the local scribes added a little something to the two-minute role. First the Royals' owner got to declaim the ringing words, "Baseball is our first sport and no tam of scandal must ever be allowed to touch it" after which the writers, those sly dogs, tucked in, "There is a true new baseball team in Kansas City called the Royals. The Midwest fans are crazy about them, and Joe Gordon has done a wonderful job as manager!" The drama critic of the *Kansas City Star* observed warily: "Before getting to major roles I might mention a minor one: Fwing Kauffman's one-night-only portrayal of the Commissioner The Royals owner seems likable. His pitch for his Kansas City team won a lot of applause, and I suppose this gimmick appearance is harmless enough at that, though gimmicks are an old Starlight custom. I'd like to see less of it in favor of enduring values."

• **Dinah Shore** has been invited to be the official hostess for the First Annual Howard Hughes Open Tennis Championships, a tournament to be held at one of Hughes' Las Vegas hotels next October. Dinah herself will be playing in the celebrity matches associated with the tournament, and she will doubtless do well.

Before she took off for Las Vegas, where she is now performing, Dinah requested that a tennis court be specially lighted so she could play at 3 a.m. She finishes her show around 1:30 a.m., sits down at a 21 table for a bit and then heads for the tennis court, to play (with fellow night people, such as Ed Ames) until about 5:15. It helps me unwind," she says, "and keeps me in real good condition."

President Nixon has finally received his surfboard. Christened *The Silver Bullet*, the President's Father's Day present from daughters **Tricia** and **Julie** is 9' 6" long, weighs 22 pounds and is cream-colored with a blue pinstripe. According to Robert Patterson, one of the men who made it, "When Nixon tries it out he's going to wish he wasn't President, because when the surfing bug hits you, who wants to work?" Robert Patterson, one of three brothers who make boards for Hobie Surfboards. Robert glides, Ronald sands and Raymond gloves. They made *The*

Silver Bullet made two *Silver Bullets*, in fact. Someone dropped the first, slightly damaging the finish, so the Patterson boys painted out President Nixon's initials and took off with the board and a cooler of sauternes for the beach at San Onofre, which they scouted for a man who was the same height and weight (5' 10", 166 pounds) as President Nixon. They found him, one Jack Blackburn, a real surfer who was delighted to test the board, and so delighted after he had tested it that he bought it. Nixon's new board is identical to Blackburn's, except for the dings, and Blackburn can assure the President that the real *Silver Bullet* will "turn on a dime."

A newspaperman murmured a question about the possible effeminacy of **Liberace's** manner of dress during a recent press conference in Indianapolis, and received a veiled reply. "Well," Liberace said, "then Joe Namath and Richard Burton are also effeminate, because they dress in wild clothes." Asked later if he were a pro football fan (having chosen Namath as a point of sartorial reference) Liberace said yes—because he knows Namath, as well as some other football players. His interest in sports, he says, is pretty much limited to those in which he has friends who play. His own athletic endeavors? They consist of a series of exercises he can do in his room where he will not, as he says, "Make a spectacle of myself."

"I used to play golf," says England's Tory Leader **Edward Heath**, "but I found there was nothing to do between holes but talk about politics. I didn't like that. The good thing about sailing is that you're so busy, nobody ever dreams of mentioning politics."



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Learning how to play out of the sand

Gardner Dickinson, one of the best sand players on the pro tour, spent several hours working with me recently and changed my style of sand play. I have always been a lucky trap player—not good, but lucky. I never stepped into a sand trap feeling certain I could explode the ball to within tap-in distance. Naturally this bothered me, but now I think those days are over. Gardner's theory is simple: set up with an open stance and with your head directly over the ball—not cocked behind it. As you address the ball, slump your left shoulder so that it drops below your right shoulder. This is the key. With the left shoulder there, you can take the club straight up and then straight down. Instead of taking the club back very low, take it up abruptly with the right hand. Then, instead of hitting several inches behind the ball, hit directly behind it. As you hit through the ball, keep your right hand working under the left—never let them cross. The ball will pop up and land softly on the green. This should take the “luck” out of your sand play.



FRANCIS GOLDER

Don't beat them—absorb them

After trouncing the ABA soundly on all sides, basketball's bigger NBA is moving toward a solution it figures is less costly than victory

There is an old legend about a Chinese warlord receiving reports from the front. Four hundred Japanese dead, he is told, and 22,000 Chinese. The old man nods. The next week 200 Japanese, 36,000 Chinese killed. Nod. The week after 500 Japanese dead, 47,000 Chinese. Nod. "Pretty soon," the old man says, "no more Japs." And, approximately, that is the way it has been in this new legend concerning the American Basketball Association, the league of resilient losers.

The NBA has whipped them soundly at every turn. It has signed virtually all their first-round draft choices, including all the big names. It took away Connie Hawkins, one of the ABA's two superstars. The NBA has dominated press attention. The ABA has never even come close to getting a network TV contract, and in the three prestige metropolises

where the leagues have competing franchises, the ABA teams have drawn, oh, dozens of people. It has been such a complete rout that one can see NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy waking up nights in a sweat and thinking, "Pretty soon, no more NBA."

By a resounding vote of 13-1 last Thursday, the NBA owners decided they had better start peace talks. Too many more victories could wipe them out. "We simply realized," said Assistant NBA Commissioner Carl Scheer, "that the ABA was prepared and able to take their licks." Essentially, the NBA was acknowledging the lessons of Silly Putty. If it could not bomb out the ABA so far, it is unlikely ever to.

Once this conclusion was reached it was wise to act quickly. The NBA television contract is concluded this year and, with more cities involved, the new contract should be worth substantially more. Of even greater importance is the fact that the draft next spring involves the greatest collection of college seniors in history. Players like Pete Maravich, Bob Lanier, Rick Mount and Charlie Scott might all command million-dollar contracts in an open bidding market.

The NBA also was obviously encouraged to get real friendly real quick because the ABA already has begun to take depositions in an antitrust suit it is formulating against the NBA. Finally, the NBA has grown more impressed with new leadership in the ABA.

The two men who botched the signing of Lew Alcindor, Commissioner George Mikan and New York Nets Owner Arthur Brown, have both departed the league. Roy Boe, a wealthy 39-year-old Yalman, bought the Nets and promptly took a high place in league councils along with another newcomer, James Gardner, 36, who is now effec-

tively serving as acting commissioner. Gardner is a former Congressman who seconded the nomination of Ronald Reagan at Miami last year—and then lost a narrow race for governor of North Carolina. Shortly after that he was shown a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* story (Oct. 21, 1968) outlining the concept of how a modern regional franchise might be set up in North Carolina. Gardner bought the moribund Houston club and transferred it to his home state.

Searching for a replacement for Mikan, who was eased out, the ABA approached two NBA figures—Red Auerbach and Scheer. Both turned the job down, but clearly they learned enough to come back to the NBA with more respect for their competition. On the West Coast at about the same time, representatives from both leagues—like infantry scouts on patrol—began to make tentative, unofficial contact.

All of this set the stage for the official talks that began at the Waldorf Towers last Friday, the day following the 13-1 vote. The discussions will pick up again this week in California, with Gardner representing the ABA and Sam Schulman, the Seattle co-owner, heading the NBA negotiating team.

However genial and businesslike the discussions may be, and however much both leagues want to expedite some kind of consensual arrangement, there are still two considerable roadblocks. Indeed, the questions of championship competition and interleague play and even future realignment are relatively unimportant. For that matter, they are all but moot. If the two leagues are to enjoy a common draft, they must have a common championship, too. Otherwise they are ascribing second-class status to one league—the ABA—while at the same time co-opting some of the best college players to play in a declared minor league.

This brings them to the first big problem—Congress and its persnickety habit of upholding antitrust laws. Larry Fleisher, counsel for the NBA Players' Association, is ready to fight any merger attempt. The players have, in fact, had a lobbyist at the Capitol for four months, warning up for action.

"As it stands now," he says, "the merger would be in clear violation of antitrust laws. All of the players took a position two years ago that they would



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never be caught in another NFL-AFL situation, where the football leagues got a waiver through Congress permitting the merger. We are alert to the situation, and we are going to point out to Congress that sports is like any other business and you can't have 14 owners getting together around a table and saying, 'Let's restrict the players' salaries.' And that is essentially exactly what they are saying when they talk about merging."

The other hurdle concerns the competing franchises in Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay Area. The NBA already has tacitly given in to the point that both leagues can have a franchise in New York—the Knicks in Manhattan, the Nets in suburbia—but they will not be so benevolent about California.

The two ABA teams involved the Los Angeles Stars and Oakland Oaks—are crying that they will not play sacrificial lambs, but it is difficult to see any other way out. The problem is complicated further by the individual case of Rick Barry, who jumped the San Francisco Warriors two years ago to take 15% of the Oaks as player-owner. Franklin Mieuli, Warrior owner, is surely demanding that Barry's return across the Bay be part of the ABA indemnity.

If the Oaks (and the Stars) are moved to new prime expansion sites like Portland or Houston, Barry certainly would not mind going back to San Francisco. There is a clause in his contract that he is not bound to the Oaks if they leave Oakland. Also, he quietly tried to unload some of his stock in the team last winter (there were no takers). But would the ABA let their only drawing card go? "Connie Hawkins is a special case, too," Gardner says simply.

Says Barry: "Any merger must be approved 100%" by the NBA owners, and I can't see Jack Kent Cooke and Franklin Mieuli approving unless the ABA vacates their territories. And I also can't see us—the Oaks and the Stars—leaving. So the merger talk might sound good, but how do you get around that? I am an Oakland Oak, that's all I know."

The start toward merging may, then, have been promising, but it will require a great deal of backscratching among owners and backslapping in Washington before there can be any substantive results. **END**

The weekend crunch

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Those two frenetic advertisements for themselves, Leon Wagner and Dick Stuart, are alive, well and swinging in the Pacific Coast League. Even though both are in their mid-30s they are still the Daddy Wags and Dr. Strangelove of old, free swingers at the plate, free formlists on defense and free spirits just about any time.

Two hundred homers add up to a tidy sum for any big-league career. It is an especially startling total for both Wagner and Stuart, since neither completed 10 years in the majors and both were such raggedy fielders during their turns in places like Pittsburgh and Boston, Los Angeles and Cleveland that they were often platooned.

Together they give the Phoenix Giants a pair of sluggers whose accomplishments are not matched by anyone on 14 big-league rosters. Only the Cubs, with Ernie Banks, Ron Santo and Billy Williams, have more 200-home-run hitters than the Triple A Phoenix team. There are at present only 16 players in the majors who have hit that many homers, and that list glories with the most authentic names: Aaron, Howard, Killebrew, Mays and Robinson.

That Stuart led the National League in errors for more seasons than any first baseman in history and that Wagner's career fielding percentage is only a shade higher than that of the 1945 Browns' one-armed outfielder, Pete Gray, tells more about why they are no longer in the ma-

jors than do their respective ages of 36 and 35 years. Managers long ago wearied of the defensive weaknesses that earned Stuart and Wagner the nicknames Stone Fingers and The Butcher. They are both hitting as ever, though. Wagner is averaging .288 and Stuart has taken over the team lead in homers, after playing only two months.

Although both men were given unconditional releases this spring—Stuart by the Angels and Wagner by the Reds—they are not two old hands illogically gasping their way to oblivion instead of retiring gracefully. There are four major league pennant races this season, where there used to be two, and it appears that at least two of them will be close until the end. When the 25-man roster limit is lifted on Sept. 1 pinch hitters with Stuart's or Wagner's power will become valuable. To Wagner, who needs just 20 more days in the majors to qualify as a 10-year man in the players' pension plan, a hitch with a con-

tender in September could mean \$60 extra a month when he is 50 years old. Stuart is still a season away from 10-year status, but he hopes a shot at the majors this fall will earn him a job in the big leagues next year.

Predictably, neither silently whines away his exile in Phoenix. Their styles differ, but their decibels number about the same. Wagner is waggish; Stuart stubbornly proud.

"I'm in semiretirement now," says Wagner. "I have so much confidence in my moneymaking ability that I blew the \$34,000 salary I had in Chicago easier than most guys would give up \$10,000. I'd like to go out as an example to those guys who flip out of their minds when they're dropped—the guys who can't face society when their careers are all over."

Pretty somber stuff from Daddy Wags, but he claims it is genuinely him. "I don't want to be made out as some dumb, hall lallplayer just because I've got a sense of humor," he says. There is not



WILL DADDY WAGS AND DR. STRANGEGLOVE EMERGE FROM THE ASHES OF THE MINORS

much chance of that. He grosses more than \$3,000 a month from his salary at Phoenix and income from real estate.

Besides, as he sees it, his earning potential is largely untapped. Wagner figures his chances of returning to the majors are 70 to 30 in his favor, he has a \$27,000 offer to play in Japan next year and he has his face. "I made a couple of shows for *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* once and they wanted me to stay in acting," he says. "They loved my high cheekbones; I'm about half Indian."

"The women always called me conceited, so I've never had to go through that stuff that Clay does, telling everyone how beautiful he is," says Wagner. "But look at me, I'm 35 and I'm in great shape, no injuries and no scars, and I'm looking forward to a long, happy, terrific life. You know I certainly never messed up my body crashing into outfield walls."

In a moment of rash abandon a few years ago Wagner did climb a wall in Cleveland, making a great, leaping catch. Unfortunately he then inadvertently dropped the ball over the fence. Home run. Indian Pitcher John O'Donoghue was furious when Wagner returned to the dugout. "Look, John, I told him, 'I realize I should have held that ball, but can you tell me one thing? What was I doing out there jackknifing like a swimmer over the fence? How come the ball happened to be on top of the wall 400 feet from home in the first place?'" John didn't say much after that."

Wagner is giving the fences a wider berth in Phoenix. One night after Vags let a line drive zip past him and patiently waited for the ball to dribble back off the barrier while the runner sped to third, the Giants trainer charged into left field thinking Wagner was suffering from temporary blindness, heat prostration or a mild coronary. "I'm not sick," said the outfielder.

"Why didn't you chase the ball?" asked the trainer.

"I know a ball hit that hard will bounce back to me before long," replied Wagner. To save face, the trainer treated a nonexistent injury before returning to the dugout.

Although Wagner's play has not all been that casual, his life in Phoenix has. "Except for the money, this is better than some major league towns," he says. "I played here on the way up in 1958 and I liked it then. I like it better now than

continued



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Springfoot fleeced sportswear.

casting spot. He had his own TV shows as a player in Boston, Philadelphia and New York and received good notices. It was suggested that since Jerry Coleman is quitting the Yankees' announcing crew, Stuart might pick up a seat in the New York booth. "That'll never happen," he said. "Don't forget, after Ralph Houk kicked me off the All-Star team in 1964 I tugged up my picture on my TV show in Boston."

There is little chance Stuart will have a chance to nip Houk again, since the Yankees are in fifth place in the one division with a runaway race. But he and Wags could show up in the American League West or in either National League division. Both players are technically property of the San Francisco Giants, but they have agreements with the Giants that if Manager Clyde King decides he does not need them they will be released to any team that does.

Lethbridge used to be the word for the crowds in Phoenix, where 100° temperatures during the games stifled even the best fans' urges to become emotional. Wagner and Stuart have overcome the heat and brought life to Giant spectators. When and if they are recalled to the majors this fall they might be driving temperatures up somewhere else. September heroes like Johnny Mize of the 1952 Yankees, Pedro Ramos of the 1964 Yankees and Dick Nen of the 1963 Dodgers have been rare and exciting surprise elements in the pennant races they helped win. Daddy Wags and Dr. Strangeglove are certain to be at least exciting and awfully rare.

END

OFFICIAL BATTING ORDER	
1-5	
1	GUTENRIE
2	SCARLETT
3	WAGNER
4	WAGNER
5	STUART
6	ALLEN
7	ROSEN
8	MARSH
9	CHRISTIAN

AMID OBSCURITY above and below, three familiar names stand out on the lineup card.

49

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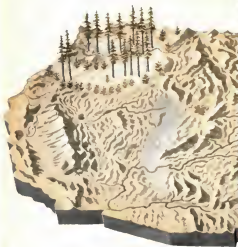


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George Weyerhaeuser's holdings (trees on map) may soon expand to 1/400th of the country. Musing on a stump, he ponders new ways in which his vast forests can contribute to conservation and recreation as well as timber profits

by ROBERT CANTWELL

If you and your ancestors have cut down more trees in more places than anyone in U.S. history, what do you think about conservation? George Weyerhaeuser thinks a lot about it. He is the president of the Weyerhaeuser Company, which owns 3.8 million acres of beautiful forests, or 1/640 of the land area of the U.S.

The Weyerhaeuser Company owns so many big trees that if they were all transplanted along the Atlantic Coast they would make a forest belt 20 miles wide extending from New York City to Richmond. The company's woodlands in the Pacific Northwest reach from the coast to the

The Shy Tycoon Who Owns 1/640th of the U.S.



summit range of the Cascade Mountains. The company also owns more than 600,000 acres of pine in scattered stands that run 200-odd miles south from tidewater Virginia to the Southern marshes that have never been much visited since Blackbeard the Pirate lived there.

When you drive to Mount Rainier, you pass through Weyerhaeuser forests. Each year in Oregon, when college students take their spring float trip down the Mackenzie River, they float past miles of well-kept Weyerhaeuser trees. The company also owns mountains, like 4,018-foot Jay Peak in Vermont, which it is now developing as a ski

resort. A great many steelhead fishermen who take some 350,000 fish each year from Washington rivers fish in Weyerhaeuser woods. Last year hunters shot 14,020 deer and 3,145 elk in the company's forests in Oregon and Washington alone. When George Weyerhaeuser looks over the company's lands from his vantage point he sees an enormously varied terrain in all parts of the U.S. but alike in one respect: its increased use for recreation and some tangible opportunities that presents.

Big as the Weyerhaeuser lands are, they are getting bigger. In May it was announced that agreement in principle

continued

WEYERHAEUSER

continued

had been reached with Dierks Forests, Inc. to buy its properties. These reach from near Hot Springs, Ark. into Oklahoma, about 120 miles west. When this purchase is completed it will add 1.8 million acres, at a cost of \$325 million, to the company's holdings. The new forest takes in one of the prime outdoor recreation areas of Arkansas, spread over seven counties in hilly, scenic, largely uninhabited country. If you head a company that buys land like that you have to think about conservation and, along with it, outdoor recreation.

There is, however, another question. What do conservationists think about Weyerhaeuser? Not so long ago the answer was easy. All timber companies were damned as looters of the public domain, despoilers of the wilderness, polluters of the rivers, destroyers of wildlife and conscienceless exploiters who ravaged the country. Nothing in American history so spoiled the looks of the country: the worst modern blighted area of highway junkyards and slums is a sylvan park compared to the ruin left by the loggers. Back in 1905 President Theodore Roosevelt laid aside his prepared speech at a forestry congress to let fly with some spontaneous remarks about people who cut down the forests—"Who skin the country and go somewhere else!" he said. He denounced "that man whose idea of developing the country is to cut every stick of timber off of it and leave it a barren desert. . . That man," he concluded, "is a curse!"

He was talking about Frederick Weyerhaeuser (among others), the founder of the company. George Weyerhaeuser's great-grandfather. As a full-time, dues-paying curse, however, old Frederick Weyerhaeuser had his limitations. He did not look like a villain, being round, gray, quiet and painfully shy because of his German accent. His hobby was bookeeping. He went to his small office in St. Paul every morning at 7:15. But he did acquire an enormous fortune, and his love of seclusion led to legends. *The Mysterious Geismar* was one exposé written about him and in *Weyerhaeuser—Richer than Rockefeller* a muckraker claimed to have discovered that he was the richest man in the world.

He reached the U.S. from Germany in 1852, when he was 18, prospered as a sawmill operator in Illinois and made industrial history when he combined a number of small operators like himself into an organization that could buy logs in quantities large enough to secure a steady supply and good prices. Two years after he moved to St. Paul in 1891 he bought a house on fashionable Summit Avenue, not knowing that his neighbor was James J. Hill, the railroad builder. They became friends and in 1899, when Hill wanted to sell some of the land awarded to the Northern Pacific as a land grant, he offered it to Weyerhaeuser for \$7 an acre. Weyerhaeuser offered \$5. They compromised at \$6 for 900,000 acres, one of the largest private land sales in American history. It aroused no comment aside from mutterings from Weyerhaeuser's board of directors that he could have gotten it for less. The Weyerhaeusers never made sen-

sational news. The sons of the family went to Yale, trained in the small family-owned lumber companies, supported charities, endowed schools of forestry and lived quietly, even by the standards of St. Paul, which were pretty quiet. Then they moved to Tacoma, Wash., which was even quieter. Their forests were as little known as they were. Hunting and fishing were prohibited. Camping in their woods was unheard of. And the family ruled them from a seclusion as deep as the forest.

It was George Weyerhaeuser who unintentionally jolted them from obscurity. At 11:45 on Friday morning, May 24, 1935, Miss Berg of Lowell Grammar School dismissed her fifth-grade class for lunch, and George, age 9, ran down the hill into the headlines. When last seen as he went out of sight he was wearing a sweater, brown cordurey trousers and tennis shoes. He was described as follows: "Smiling, handsome face, with no distinguishing marks, average height, dark, curly hair, brown eyes." His teacher added, "An alert, obedient and brilliant pupil."

It was reported that George was supposed to stop at Annie Wright Seminary to ride home with his sister Ann, but that was not true: he had decided to walk. On the way he practiced broad jumping. He wanted to be a track star. He ran through the grounds of the Tacoma Lawn Tennis Club and up a flight of steps to the next street. There a tan Buick was parked at the curb, a man standing beside it. The man grabbed him, put his hand over his mouth, dragged him to the car, dumped him on the floor of the back seat, put an old blanket over him and told him not to move or make any noise.

The car rolled down the hill, out of the quiet residential neighborhood. It passed through Tacoma and disappeared into back roads before George was missed at home.

When the car stopped and the blanket was removed, he saw two men with hoods over their heads. There were trees all around. He could hear the sound of a river. The men told him to write his name on the back of an envelope, which he did. Then he was blindfolded and led into the woods, across a running stream. "I thought they were going to push me in the water," he says.

Beside a deep pit in the woods, his blindfold was taken off. The pit was three feet wide and six feet long, covered with tin, braced with posts and lined with boards. The boy was lowered into it and fastened to a crosspiece by handcuffs, one on an arm and the other on a leg.

One man drove away to mail the ransom note by special delivery. Philip Weyerhaeuser, George's father, was directed to say nothing to anyone, to keep the news out of the papers, to gather 5,000 old \$20 bills, 5,000 old \$10 bills and 10,000 old \$5 bills. When he had the money ready, he was to place an ad in the personals column of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* reading: "We are ready. Percy Minnie."

In the evening, just before dark, the men returned to

the pit and everyone ate a picnic lunch of sandwiches, cookies and hard-boiled eggs. Then George was again handcuffed and entombed with two blankets and a kerosene lantern for warmth.

The Weyerhaeuser family had come up against a small-town Bonnie and Clyde partnership that had added a tough third partner. The girl was pretty, plaid, blonde Margaret Thulin, who, in the course of her wanderings, met and married Harmon Waley, a tall, handsome, 24-year-old Hequiam, Wash. boy. He had been in and out of jails and reformatories from the time he was 17 years old. In prison he came to know William Mahan, also known as William Darnard and Swede Davis, who was winding up his term for bank robbery. Mahan had five bank holdups on his record, including a \$100,000 bank robbery in Idaho.

These three were living in Spokane when Margaret happened to read in the newspaper that John Philip Weyerhaeuser Sr., George's grandfather, had died. The obituary recalled all those stories of the Weyerhaeuser family wealth. Three days later Margaret, Waley and Mahan were studying George's movements as he went to and from school. They had not intended to pick up George when they did. They were merely checking his route when he happened to walk up to the car.

The police had already been called when the ransom note arrived at the Weyerhaeuser home, so the instructions not to call them could not be followed. Philip Weyerhaeuser got the bills together and placed the ad in the paper as he had been ordered to do but added another: "Due publicity beyond our control please indicate another method of reaching you. Hurry, Percy Minnie."

Mahan's planing had a demented ingenuity. He and Waley returned to the pit. Someone in the area shot at something and alarmed them. They moved George into deeper woods to a second pit they had dug for such emergencies.

He was again handcuffed to a post in the pit and left there that night and the next day. The following night, when Mahan had read Philip Weyerhaeuser's answer in the classified ads, George was lifted out of this second pit and locked in the trunk of Mahan's gray Ford coupe. He was driven all night across the state to Spokane, 300 miles east, a hard trip, even in the front seat of a car, in 1935 Mahan occasionally yanked him around, Waley occasionally rescued him. Near the Idaho-Washington boundary he was chained to a tree all day while his captors went into the city. They returned that night with a big Uncoeda cracker carton, packed George into it and carried him into their apartment.

George was locked in a closet, Waley slept on a mattress outside the door. Mahan raced back to Seattle, to resume an outwardly ordinary life at the Fir Apartments and collect the ransom. The procedure for this was a harrowing melodrama. Margaret mailed a letter to George's father instructing him to register at the Ambassador Hotel in Seattle under the name of John Paul Jones and wait

there for a telephone call. At the hotel Philip Weyerhaeuser got the call, directing him to a point on the highway midway between Seattle and Tacoma. There he found a stake with a cloth tied to it. A note in a can at the base of the stake directed him to a second stake on a dirt road off the highway.

He searched through the night for the second stake but could not find it. At dawn he returned to the Ambassador. The phone rang; he was directed to go home and send a different emissary. George's uncle Rod Titcomb in turn was phoned at the Ambassador the next night and directed to a place near Halfway House, where the Seattle-Tacoma airport was later built. A note at the base of a stake directed him to a second stake on a road by Angle Lake, a deep, mile-long trout lake in the woods.

Here he found the stake and the note, which told him to turn on the dome light of his car, place the suitcase containing the money on the front seat, leave the engine running and walk down the road.

Mahan and Margaret were parked nearby. There was nothing unusual about a couple in a parked car. Mahan jumped in Titcomb's car, drove it to a shack he had rented on the edge of Seattle, had the \$200,000 there and ditched Titcomb's car on a side street. Margaret drove his car to the Fir Apartments. Mahan picked it up there and was on his way to Spokane while Titcomb was still walking back to town. Margaret stayed in Seattle.

As the days passed, George and Waley came to an understanding of sorts. George was let out of the closet when there was no danger of anyone coming by. Waley, still wearing his hood, whiled away the time playing his ukulele. Good treatment ended abruptly when Mahan arrived. George was pucked back into the cracker box and locked in the trunk of the car. They reached Seattle that night. Picking up Margaret at the apartment, Mahan and Waley drove to the shack, divided the money and put Margaret on a train for Salt Lake. Sometime between midnight and dawn they stopped the car, got George out of the trunk, gave him a dollar and two blankets and left him beside a woods road. They vanished, and for a long time it looked as if they never would be found.

Rain started to fall. About daylight George picked up his blankets and walked out of the woods.

Presently he came to a shingled house on a lonely knoll. Mrs. John Bonfais, the wife of a stump farmer, was preparing breakfast for her husband and four children. George went around to the back and knocked on the kitchen door. Thus he returned to civilization. "I'm George Weyerhaeuser," he explained.

George Weyerhaeuser these days is an engaging, friendly individual who looks over the Weyerhaeuser woods with the air of a man who wishes that trees grew faster than they do. He became president three years ago at the

continued

age of 45, *the youngest* in the 68-year history of the company. It is a multi-faceted business, one in which you plan now and plan to tear down the trees 60 years from now. Or perhaps never. Some of the Weyerhaeuser land is in wilderness so beautiful that it may be worth more for outdoor recreation with the trees growing on it than the trees would be if they were harvested.

Around Tacoma people will tell you not to ask him about the time he was kidnapped. As the head of a company with annual sales of \$1.2 billion and with 37,000 employees, George Weyerhaeuser is not particularly happy to be identified as someone who was held for ransom at the age of 9. Besides, he shares the desire for seclusion that has distinguished the family. He graduated from Lowell Grinnell and Mason Junior High in Tacoma, went on to Taft and to Yale, enlisted in the Navy at 18 during World War II while he was in college, graduated with honors after the war, worked as a pulp mill laborer, became a supervisor and finally superintendent of a Weyerhaeuser subsidiary in Oregon. He married Wendy Wagner, the beautiful daughter of a family of pioneer lumbermen. In the family tradition, he lives quietly with his wife and two sons and four daughters in the pleasant Tacoma suburb of Gravelly Lake, close by the homes of many other Weyerhaeusers.

But he has departed from the family tradition in a couple of significant ways. One is that he has revealed a willingness to make decisions himself instead of relying on the long, slow methods of family-plus-experts consultation of the past. The other is his awareness of the need for space for outdoor recreation. But otherwise, say his friends, he is a typical Weyerhaeuser, reluctant to discuss things in personal terms, don't ask him about the kidnapping.

"No, I don't mind talking about it," he said to me. "I don't think it bothered me unduly." When he became president there was some talk as to whether his independence stemmed from his desire to prove himself individually, just because his kidnapping and court appearances made him so famous as a 9-year-old. He doubted it. "A 9-year-old boy is a pretty adaptable organism," he said. "He can adjust himself to conditions in a way no adult could. It didn't affect me personally as much as anyone looking back on it might think. But a family. I think a kidnapping is one of the worst things that can happen to a family."

What about that pit in which he was buried?

"That was quite an excavation."

And that ride across the state in the trunk of the car?

"I was just glad to get out of that hole in the ground. I slept most of the time. I had blankets and it was warm back there."

His sport was boxing in high school and he fought in training-camp bouts in the Navy. He frowned at any mention of it. "All he would say was, 'I tried a little boxing in the Navy.' In the early stages of a conversation with him one gets the impression of firms, fast footwork and lightning jabs, not unfriendly, merely exploratory taps to de-

termine what sort of a sparring match it is going to be.

Being kidnapped may not have bothered George, but it jolted the Weyerhaeuser empire. As a first tentative friendly gesture toward the modern world Philip Weyerhaeuser, who had become president, opened the company woods to hunters and fishermen.

Next Miss Helen Leonard, a kindergarten teacher in Longview, Wash., wrote to Philip Weyerhaeuser and asked him if the company could also open campgrounds for people who wanted to get out in the woods. "I got a nice answer the next year," Miss Leonard said. Things still move relatively slowly in an enterprise geared to the speed of growing trees. The first camp was cleared on the banks of the Toutle River, a great steelhead stream. No improvements were added, beyond a sign reading *WELCOME* and a request that visitors be careful about fires. It was an in-



At 9, George Weyerhaeuser told of kidnapping in court

formal beginning of an important historical development. Campgrounds are now scattered throughout the Weyerhaeuser woods in the Northwest, last year they were used by 161,000 campers. Miss Leonard, who still teaches kindergarten at Longview, sometimes takes her class on picnics at the original Toutle River camp.

A far bigger innovation was the first tree farm. The most important contribution to conservation in the history of the lumber industry, the Weyerhaeuser tree farms also brought about the greatest improvement in the appearance of the landscape. In the past, roads in the timber country ran through miles of bleached stumps and bony snags as devastated as the battlefields of World War I.

The first tree farm, as an experiment, was intended to provide a steady supply of logs for Weyerhaeuser mills in the future—not merely next year or next decade, but next century. A tract of 120,000 acres that combined virgin timber, second-growth stands and logged-off land was set

aside. The logged-off area was planted with fir seedlings, and no more timber was taken from the tract than was replenished by new growth. It was a stair-step operation: 60-year-old trees, in 20 years' time, would be ready for cutting, by which time the 40-year-old trees would be 60 and the seedlings would have grown to substantial size. That involved constant planting and cultivating, the thinning of dense stands as the trees grew and the cutting of only small tracts at a time. It incidentally left the country green again, the streams clear and the wildlife multiplying.

Primeval forest contains little game. Big trees block out the sunlight from plants that provide forage; the sort of undergrowth that flourishes has little food value. The terraced growth of tree farms, with clearings and different stages of tree growth, provided an ideal range. In the area that was later set aside as the St. Helens tree farm, for ex-



Seclusion ended for Grier's parents when he survived

ample, hunters shot 326 deer in 1937. Last year they shot 9,130 there.

The success of the first tree farm marked an epoch in American forest history; by 1967 there were 32,000 tree farms scattered throughout the U.S. One result is that conservationists usually except Weyerhaeuser from the eminent leveled at most timber companies. As one of them said, "They have the best-managed timberlands in the country." A scholarly work called *Timber Concentration in the Pacific Northwest* appraised the Weyerhaeuser work soberly and justly: "This family has been and is the most important in the American lumber industry, and as such the Weyerhaeusers' contribution to our culture should be discussed in general historical terms."

To get back to the original question, What does George Weyerhaeuser think of conservation? It appears to be a principal part of his work. If you plant trees that are going to be harvested in a hundred years it is only logical

to think of other things that may be happening then or in the foreseeable future—to use one of his favorite phrases. Among these foreseeable developments, far less than a century distant, is an increased need for space for outdoor recreation. Last year he set up a recreation department in the corporate structure to study all the Weyerhaeuser forests and appraise the recreational possibilities they contain. "Our approach to outdoor recreation is going to be positive," he said, "not a negative reaction to increased population pressure. In the future, as recreation needs grow, we will develop recreation as a primary land use. So will all other responsible timber companies."

The success of the company's venture into the ski resort business at Jay Peak led to expansion—the original complex of ski lodge, chalet, restaurant and tramway is being expanded to include a golf course, with 110,000 homesites around the course, and two condominiums, with the apartments selling from \$18,000 to \$54,500.

Current projects include an area for group camping in the Weyerhaeuser woods near the Snoqualmie River. Also in the works or planned are a wilderness camp where the company's forests run along an ocean beach, a convention center in some highly scenic rural backwoods, a water-sports center on a chain of lakes, a campground area for handicapped people, a fee-hunting and fee-fishing program in which, in selected areas, sportsmen would pay the cost of replacing the fish they catch and the birds they bag.

The company is part of a group of builders trying to persuade the city of Seattle to make its new domed stadium (already authorized) of wood. On Weyerhaeuser property at Clear Lake, 65 miles from Seattle, the company is selling forest homesites. A herd of 425 elk (protected) roams the woods, the lake is famous for rainbow trout and the view of the mountains is free. A total of 240 sites have been sold at prices from \$2,500 to \$12,000. In the south, where ticks, snakes, red bugs and other discouragements prevent such developments and camping is rare, the company has followed another policy. Two years ago it began leasing its lands to hunting and fishing clubs, and now leases acreage in Mississippi and Alabama (where it owns 600,000 acres of pine woods) to 78 of these organizations. In North Carolina the company is developing residential parks, emphasizing such attractions as deep-sea fishing and trails for horseback riding. And there are still a few million acres whose hidden attractions have scarcely been glimpsed.

George Weyerhaeuser takes it for granted that people will always want to get out in the woods. The company's policy on recreation, embodied in a weighty document called Policy No. 60 I, Procedure 60 14, begins with a statement that the forest lands are managed to provide a continuous supply of raw materials, but where recreation needs are compatible "the lands shall be made available for public enjoyment . . . Under specific circumstances the

continued

WEYERHAEUSER

Continued

recreational values may exceed the value of any other land use. Sites of historic interest or outstanding scenic value shall be preserved for the public enjoyment."

Weyerhaeuser was not directly involved in any of the major conservation battles that pitted timber companies against the Sierra Club and other embattled conservationists. But as the head of the most influential timber company of them all, he weighs his words on such matters. "I think I feel the way most people do when some area they value is threatened with economic change," he said. "I recognize the need for economic progress, but if the specific place involved is one I have known and loved I hate to have anything happen to it. When my brother and I were boys, my father used to take us duck shooting—this was still good duck country in those days—widgeon, green-winged teal, mallards and some pintails—and when some development affects the places where we went, I have to make allowances for my personal feelings influencing my opinion of the value of a commercial development there."

"But I think we have to distinguish between one-time projects and those with more lasting effects. Some are major developments, altering the country for all time, once they are made, it can never be brought back to the way it was before. And when the change is for all time, and involves a unique physical asset, I think we have to weigh it very, very carefully to see what price we are going to have to pay for economic progress. But others do not permanently alter a region. It can be brought back to the way it was before the change was made."

"It seems to me that as the population increases, there

will be increased conflict over areas that are set aside for recreation. The need is to strike a balance between the economic impact and the recreational need. That balance will be more needed in the future when the economic impact may be greater than it is now. How it can be achieved I do not know. But I say to myself there are probably different zones, gray zones, intermediate areas, where the lines are not so sharply drawn, areas where forest management can be followed without affecting the major recreational area that should be preserved."

So far as the Weyerhaeuser forests are concerned, it is not a matter of using the lands for either commercial timber growth or for recreation. "We can have both," he said. "Recreation and forest management are compatible. Forests and wildlife go together. Fishing is not inconsistent with our economic operations nor is hunting. Land along watercourses may be better used for summer cabins than for commercial timber. We regard recreation as a business opportunity of increasing potential. We intend to develop workable combinations of fee and free recreation to meet population needs as they are identified."

From the perspective in which Weyerhaeuser sees such problems, human villainy falls into some sort of proportion with the growth of trees. "Ninety-eight percent of the recreationists do not cause us any trouble," he said, "and we are not going to let the other 2% stop us from doing what is right."

His kidnapping did not darken his notions of human behavior. As a footnote to criminal history, his kidnappers almost got away free. The ransom bills were not marked, but during the long delay while George was imprisoned in Spokane, the numbers of as many bills as possible were recorded. It was an apparently hopeless chance: the bills were of different dates and with no sequences. But when Margaret Wales went to buy a pair of stockings in Salt Lake City she used one of the recorded bills. Arrested, she confessed and was sentenced to 20 years in prison, Wales getting 30 years. Mahan was trapped in Butte, Mont., escaped, kept in the ran for two years and was finally caught, tried and sentenced to 60 years.

Wales wrote to George Weyerhaeuser from prison and Weyerhaeuser answered him. Not long ago Wales finished serving his 30 years in the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kans., and through a friend there Weyerhaeuser helped him get a job, keeping his part in it secret. "Why did I do it?" he asked, looking annoyed. "I went through all sorts of sensations when I was kidnapped, from fear and concern to the point where I felt sorry for him. I guess I thought he had paid his debt. No, I don't want to say that," he said in exasperation, meaning that he did not want to use a stereotyped phrase. George Weyerhaeuser sometimes ends a discussion with a sudden finality that makes you realize he was a pretty good hower. It is as the people around Tacoma say, don't ask him about the time he was kidnapped. At least, don't ask him too much. **END**



Helen Leonard asked Weyerhaeuser for a camp for her pupils

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Singlestick and Shin Kick

These were only two of the rowdy games played in the 17th century at the Cotswold Olympics to rile the Puritans by RICHARD MANDELL

Because the Greek strong man Hercules was supposed to have founded the Olympic Games, an Englishman named Robert Dover became known as "the Cotswold Hercules" for his lusty interest in sport. Dover, a man famous throughout his life for his gusto and joviality, was born to an England plagued by an increasing puritanical disapproval of rowdy good times. A country boy who had moved to the city, studied law, formed a wide circle of friends among London's 17th century equivalent of café society and, in time, married a wealthy widow, Dover bought himself a fine house in the Cotswold Hills and there, in 1612, staged the first of the yearly spring festivals of sport that came to be known as the Cotswold Olympics.

We know of these games in detail today largely because of a quarto volume published in 1636 by Dover's admirers, a list of whose names would provide a fair *Who's Who* of English poetry in the mid-17th century. The slim volume contains a series of dedications, popular in purpose and learned in tone, all praising Dover's skill as an impresario of sporting entertainment.

At these games, which took place at Dover's estate each Thursday and Friday of What Week, sturdy seamen tossed the hammer, heaved the bar and faced each other in games such as singlestick or "shin kicking," the rules of which have mercifully been lost. There were also horse races and foot races for men and for women. There were group games like barleybrake, prison base and one called "haloone," wherein teams with slats strapped to their arms flailed at an air-filled pig's bladder. Sexes were often mixed, and the jostling and hustling from goal to goal provided lots of opportunities for howling laughter and innocent or purposeful slap and tackle.

Besides the sport, Dover got Gypsy musicians to play for morris dancers who wore ribbons around their hats and arms and bells on their legs. A jester called "Tom Fool" buffeted the crowds with an inflated ball at the end of a pole, and there were stalls vending blood sau-

sages, honey pastries and tankards of strongale for the common folk. The gentry feasted on roasts and wine in tents, and for the soberest of them there was a tournament in chess.

The poems that his friends offered to Dover are heavily laden with classical inspiration, though they carry the burden gracefully. Each writer strives to surpass his contemporaries in contrived metaphor, learned allusion and anthropomorphic conceit. Michael Drayton pretended they were all Greeks striving for sacred garlands. Thomas Randolph's tribute is a tongue in cheek, rhymed tale giving Arcadian roles to all the participants in the Cotswold Games. The sweating farmers who raced or wrestled were called charioteers; their red-faced, gurgling consorts were coy shepherdesses. Robert Griffin's dedicatory piece is a dialogue between Fame and Time as to who can erect the best monument to the estimable Dover. In other efforts, Dover is depicted as the intimate of Venus and Adonis, Diana and Mars, all the Muses and the Graces. He is the restorer of the Golden Age, and, more practically, the defender against misguided reformers. Thomas Heywood in his paegegric wishes Dover courage:

*Thou, noble Dover! Then go on, be still
The man thou art and maintain
Cotswold Hill
So when the glass is runne, and sand is past,
Thy name and fame shall Hercules out-last!*

In his own poem thanking his admirers, Dover muses

*I cannot tell what planet ruled,
when I
First undertook this mirth, this jollitie,
Nor can I give account to say at all,
How this contriv'd into my braine did fall,
Or how I do it assemble, call together,*

continued

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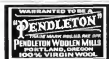
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Olympicks

*Such multitrack all people as come
to her*

Dover sneered at those who attacked his celebrations, those busybodies who complained.

*O' 'Tis not lawful, but a cruel right
One will beat another to possess.
'Greatest nature is and hateful to the
man.*

*And man will man then outwits
to us,
Forbidden is, and he and death can
therein.*

*Mixed dancing is a wicked kind
and
And he the same much merriment
hath but.*

As long as he lived, Robert Dover kept the mighty Olympicks a yearly affair. After his death, the Games went on intermittently, but there was never a patron with the jovial appeal of their originator to preside over them. In any case, we have no later poetical reports of them—only crude commercial notices.

An advertisement for "Dover's Meeting" in the *Gleaner's Journal* of May 1725 promises a prize: "One Gold Ring and Six Belts to be wrestled for, One Lac'd Hat and Six Pairs of Gloves to be played at Backward for, One Pair of Mens Shoes and One Pair of Womens Lac'd shoes to be danc'd jiggs for All given GRATIS."

The most consistent proof of the durability of Dover's Games lay in the published sermons that attacked them: "Ridiculous gestures and acts of folly and buffoonery . . . grown-up persons should be ashamed," etc., etc. "Ah," declared one humorless critic, "dost thou call that sport where so many poor souls are devoted to destruction, by drinking, swearing and all kinds of debauchery?"

In 1852, a placard for "Dover's Meeting" advertised races and a variety of dancing and pugilistic events, plus the prizes for all divisions. It proudly appealed for the attendance of Her Majesty's subjects and patriotically proclaimed, "God save the Queen!" But a year later the Victorian moralists won out. Fences enclosed the land where the revelers once vied, and the Games were ended, forever. The site of the Cotswold Olympicks is still called Dover's Hill, but the merry ghost of the founder frolics alone now with the dumb sheep that graze the rich, green grass.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

By running up its third seven-game winning streak of the season, Chicago (14-2) opened a seven-game Eastern Division lead and elastically began making preparations for the playoffs and World Series. Two Cub executives slipped off to Boston, where their team has not played since 1952. The reason to find out how the Red Sox handled the Series in 1967. The Sox have an old, small park and had to learn how to cope with the huge postseason crowds. The Cubs, too, have an old, small park and will certainly have to deal with the same nice problem. The Cubs had better not print tickets, though, because St. Louis (6-1) has had a red-hot streak of its own. Since the All-Star break, the Cardinals have won 14 of 17 and have gained three games in the standings. The Cards' batters scored just 34 runs a game last week, but, except when Steve Carlton dropped a 3-2 decision, that was enough to keep the pitchers winning. The staff put together six consecutive complete games, including a pair of victories by Nelson Briles (Pittsburgh 4-2), whose .281 team average is the second best in the majors, has found another batter to join Marty Alou (348), Roberto Clemente (351) and Willie Stargell (331) in the hitting elite. He is loose, lucky Catcher Manny Sanguen, who hit .519 for the week to raise his season's average to .340. All four Pirates have a shot at taking the batting race where New York's (4-4) Cleon Jones presently has the edge. With a .375 week, Jones moved up to .351. Philadelphia (11-5) Manager Bob Skinner resigned, complaining that the front office frustrated his attempts to control Richie Allen. Skinner was replaced by Coach George Myatt, who is well aware of the prob-

lem facing him. "Rich Allen is one of the most unique individuals I've ever run across," said Myatt. "I don't think God Almighty could completely handle him." Montreal (11-6) lost its 20th and 21st one-run games of the year and slipped 36 games behind. Even with Henry Aaron enjoying one of his best seasons (page 101, Atlanta 14-4) surrendered first place in the Western Division to Cincinnati (6-1). Manager Dave Bristol calls his hard-hitting team "the Big Red Machine," but it moved into the lead while running in reverse. Reds batters hit 11 points under their season's average while the pitchers showed unusual stinginess. Starters Jim Merritt and Jim Maloney allowed only four runs in the 24 2-1 outings they pitched, and Maloney received the victory in the first 1-0 Reds win since August 1967. After suffering almost constantly with arm trouble for the last year, Los Angeles (4-3) ace Don Drysdale finally decided to retire. Starting in Brooklyn in 1956, Drysdale went on to win 209 games, the most in Dodger history. His stretch of 58 straight shut-out innings last year—his last hurrah, as it developed—is a major league record. San Francisco (2-4) slipped to fourth place, 3½ games behind, as Juan Marchal dropped his fourth straight decision, the longest losing streak of his 40-year major league career. For the ninth time this season, Houston's (5-3) Don Wilson won after his team had lost its previous game. The fastballer's latest victory halted a four-game Astro slump and kept his team within 4½ games of first, although the Astros are still in fifth place. San Diego (1-5), the only Western team not in the pennant race, was held to one run in three of its games and needed Ed Spivey's ninth-inning home run to take its only win.

Standings—East: Chi. 13-43, NY 42-48, St. L. 60-51, Phil 54-54, Pitt 48-67, Mont. 25-79, Wash. 20-65, Atl 64-53, LA 61-51, SF 61-57, Hou 60-53, SD 25-79.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

During the dress rehearsal for his big role in a local production of *Dave Dinkers*, Kansas City (11-5) owner Fwing Kauffman was discussing the young players on the Royals. One he mentioned was Pitcher Joe Butler. If that caused consternation, Kauffman soon found out why. Butler is not just another guy named Joe. His name is Bill, and Kauffman is not likely to make that mistake again. Butler last week pitched a one-hitter for the Royals, the best performance this year by any member of the expansion team's staff. The 22-year-old left-hander allowed only a third-inning single and struck out eight batters. Jim Perry of Minnesota (2-5) is another pitcher whose name is often confused. Jim suffers in the fans' memories because not only does his younger brother Gaylord of the Giants have a more striking name but he has also been a more successful pitcher—at least until this year. The Twins, in fact, tried to peddle off their Perry back in 1965, but could not find any takers. It has turned out to be a good thing indeed because Jim won his seventh consecutive game last week before finally losing one and now leads the Twins' staff with a 13-5 record. And confusion on the Twins' staff was hardly limited to Perry's name. Manager Billy Martin and Pitcher Dave Boswell matched band fists in a late-night street fight outside a Detroit restaurant. The brawling began when Boswell slugged and kicked muscular Bob Allison because the outfielder tried to prevent him from going after Pitching Coach Art Fow-

HIGHLIGHT

All I want is one RBI per game for the rest of the season—that would give me over 150 for the year. As far as homers go, I'd like to better my all-time high of 39. And I don't see anything wrong with finishing with my average over .300, can you?" said Orioles First Baseman Boog Powell last week. No better would find anything wrong with the totals Powell suggested. They all add up to a dream season, and each of the goals is within his reach. So maybe he's the MVP trophy. With 49 games to play, the 28-year-old, left-handed slugger had a .302 average with 31 home runs and 103 RBIs and was enjoying the most extraordinary season of a nine-year 10-year career. In 1966, for example, Powell averaged .287 with 34 homers and 109 runs driven in, but the next season his figures read: .274, 37 and 55. Now the bally 6' 4" 240-pounder hopes he has matured to permanent stardom, and all because of

an injury. Powell began slowly this season, but in May was knocked in the chest by an opponent. His sore ribcage forced him to shorten his stride at the plate, and he has been a booming batter ever since. Adding seven RBIs last week, he took over the league lead in runs driven in. If he meets his one-a-game goal, Powell will be the first American League since Ted Williams and Vern Stephens in 1949 to knock in over 150 runs. He will have ample help doing it with Paul Blair (106) and Frank Robinson (327) batting ahead of him in the Baltimore lineup. The only danger may be that his teammates will help him too much. The Orioles have been winning games at a record pace—they could become the first team in the majors since 1934 to have a 700 winning percentage for the season—and they should clinch their division title early. If they do, Manager Earl Weaver admits it will mean more cautious play by Baltimore, rest for the star players and, perhaps, fewer RBIs for Boog Powell.



POWELL: SORE RIBS, RBIs SOAR

ler Fowler had turned Boswell in to Martin for not running his pregame laps. Scraper Martin then came to Allison's rescue, cutting his pitcher so seriously that Boswell needed 30 stitches in his face. Martin required seven stitches in his punching hand. Oakland (4-4), with Reggie Jackson in a mild slump, hit only one home run, and that one by a pitcher, but still gained 1½ games on the Twins. The A's lost Rock Monday, though, for at least a month when a pitched ball broke his wrist. Two relief wins for Bob Locker and a complete-game victory by Gene Brabender helped Seattle (3-3) move from fourth to third. Brabender, who was used mostly in relief by the Orioles last year, has now won nine games as a starter for the Pilots this season. Chicago (1-5) and California (2-5) fought to stay out of the cellar. The White Sox moved ahead of the Angels briefly when Ron Hansen and Bill Melton combined for nine RBIs in one game. Then the Angels rebounded to fifth place on Aurelio Rodriguez' decisive ninthinning, two-run double. With Boog Powell helping to keep Baltimore (6-1, left) far ahead in the Eastern Division race, the tightest struggle was between New York (5-1) and Washington (3-2) for fourth place. The Yankees moved to within half a game of the Senators on McStorff's 16th win of the year and surprising performances by Al Downing and Thurman Munson. Downing, who has been ineffective most the year, pitched a four-hit shutout while Munson provided him with all the offense he needed. Making his major league debut, the promising 23-year-old catcher keyed two rallies with singles and knocked in a pair of runs. Meanwhile, the Senators slumped as their starters allowed 16 runs in 23½ innings pitched and failed to complete a game. Denny McLain won his 17th game for Detroit (6-2), but that could not cool a feud between Manager Mayo Smith and Pitching Coach Johnny Sam. Sam, who is given much of the credit for the Tigers' pennant last year and the Twins' pennant in 1965, scolded off against Smith to the press because, he claimed, the manager failed to take his advice. Tiger General Manager Jim Campbell reads the papers and fired Sam the next day. For the third straight week Boston (2-4) failed to put together back-to-back wins. The Sox hitters averaged .271 for the week, but 20 pitchers allowed the league's two highest-hitting teams, the Pilots and Angels, to score 39 runs. Even now that Ken Harrelson is hitting—his average is .368 in 19 games since the All-Star break—Cleveland (4-4) dropped to over 30 games behind because, except when Steve Hargan pitched a four-hit shutout, the once-powerful Indians staff allowed an average of 5.1 runs a game.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RUSSELL: RETIREMENT AND REGRET

Sirs,

I read with admiration Bill Russell's statement on his retirement ("I'm Not Anxious Anymore," Aug. 4). No one would deny that it took courage for Russell to play the last two or three years with his ailments, but by retiring now I believe he is showing even greater courage. Certainly he could keep on playing, but he thinks the Celtics will be a better team without him. Sportsman of the year? Sportsman of the Decade?

MARK A. McLEAN

Canton, N.C.

Sirs,

Bill Russell has done things for basketball that few have done for their sports. Professional sports are riddled with money-hungry people. But watching Bill Russell did something for you because you knew it was love for the game that led him on and made him strive for greatness and perfection. He did not go through the motions and then head for the nearest bank.

RICHARD MERTA

San Antonio

Sirs,

I for one do not believe that Russell will go through with his decision to retire. Once practice time draws near, he'll be yearning for the feel of a basketball in his hands and will head for Boston. But if my woman's intuition fails me, and he does hang up his uniform, I doubt if the Celtics will fall by the wayside. Because they are a team.

Last May in Los Angeles the Celtics did not have better or more able-bodied men. Russell was running with muscular pains, Sam Jones playing with two bad ankles, Larry Siegfried looked as though he'd been hit repeatedly by a truck. On the other hand, Los Angeles had Jerry West, scoring close to 40 points a game, one of the greatest forwards in Elgin Baylor, and, of course, Walt Chamberlain.

Who won the 1969 NBA World Championship? The Celtics did. The Lakers were separate entities. Chamberlain, West, Baylor and others. The Celtics were not merely five men on a basketball court; they were (and are) one team. Though Russell, the man who played an integral part in the Celtics' victories, may not be around much longer, the team will continue to bring pennants to Boston.

AVIS E. ORTER AND

Boston

Sirs,

I would like to thank Bill Russell for all he has done for the city of Boston and the National Basketball Association. Now he

is gone and the Celtics' opponents can breathe a sigh of relief that they will no longer have to face that eerie intimidation that only Russell could radiate when he was on the floor. Thank you, Mr. Russell, for bringing pride, glory and 11 world championships to Boston.

RALPH PIERCE

Gloucester, Mass.

Sirs,

How could Bill do it to us? How could he quit when there's still one year of glory left for the greatest team in history? Please, Bill, come back to basketball.

TEO WILD

Maywood, N.J.

Sirs,

I am only one person, but if just a few more write in and express their view of Bill Russell's retirement it might be enough to get him to play at least one more year. I am 14 years old and have followed the Celtics since I was 10.

CHRIS ROULLE

Glendora, Calif.

LONG-DISTANCE PERILS

Sirs,

Thanks for a great article on Derek Clayton ("I've It One Step Who Can Outrun the Hawk," Aug. 4). Very few people realize the hardships of training for a marathon. Most people could not run one mile under five minutes—much less 26 of them.

KEVIN GORRA

Bellefontaine, Ohio

Sirs,

As a long-distance runner, I wish to express my thanks for Gwynn Brown's excellent article on Australia's Derek Clayton. How true it is about the perils of a long-distance man, the pain of a swollen knee, or the task of waking up for a 6 a.m. run! As world-class amateur athletes, Clayton and his teammate Ron Clarke have been an inspiration to me.

STEPHEN MERRILLS

Odenton, Md.

BAD BREAKS AND THE PACKERS

Sirs,

Congratulations to Jerry Kramer for writing one of the best articles published by any magazine. *Death by Inches* (Aug. 4), written by one of the better guards in professional football history, is the most touching thing I've ever read. Mr. Kramer goes through an exciting account of the downfall of the greatest football dynasty ever.

I have been a fan of the Green Bay Packers for many years, and I must say that this

year has been a saddening experience. Mr. Kramer says, "Everybody, it seems, has his own explanation for what went wrong." Well, I didn't. I was stunned when the Packers dropped down, and I didn't know what to think. After reading the article, I developed the opinion that it was the mental attitude that led to the downfall.

MARK PERAMPI

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sirs,

The injuries and bad breaks listed by Jerry Kramer in his fine article are certainly astounding. It may seem the entire league's misfortunes were dropped on Green Bay.

But let us now look at Chicago, one of Green Bay's chief opponents. Gale Sayers, Mr. Bear himself, was lost to his club for the most crucial games. If football is a game of inches, then that set the Bears back 10 feet, or maybe six yards per carry.

The Minnesota Vikings, the victors in the Central Division, lost the full effectiveness of several key players, including Dave Osborn. Osborn is a player who can mean the difference between an 8-6 or an 11-3 record.

Green Bay certainly did have trying times, but let's not knock the Vikings' or the Bears' play. The Packers do not have a monopoly on bad breaks.

FRANK PETERKICH

Wichawken, N.J.

Sirs,

Retired football player Jerry Kramer's confession was particularly appealing to me as an example of a defeated man probing his inner self for the source of his past motivation. Kramer candidly confronted the question—the source of his motivation as being truly his own, as opposed to a gift from his ex-coach, Vince Lombardi. Kramer's admission that the source was too little his own and too much Lombardi's is why I feel his article is both enlightening and a confession.

GREG LAVIN

Lakewood, N.Y.

Sirs,

In a world where the code is one of force and brutality, Jerry Kramer stands out as a remarkable paradox. On the one hand he is able to participate in this world of violence as one of its ablest members, while on the other hand he possesses the sensitivity to appreciate and record the significance and emotions of his experiences. The beautiful simplicity with which he tells his tale of human relationships in a crisis situation presents the reader with a truly priceless gift.

ROBERT PAUL LAMB

Bronx, N.Y.

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